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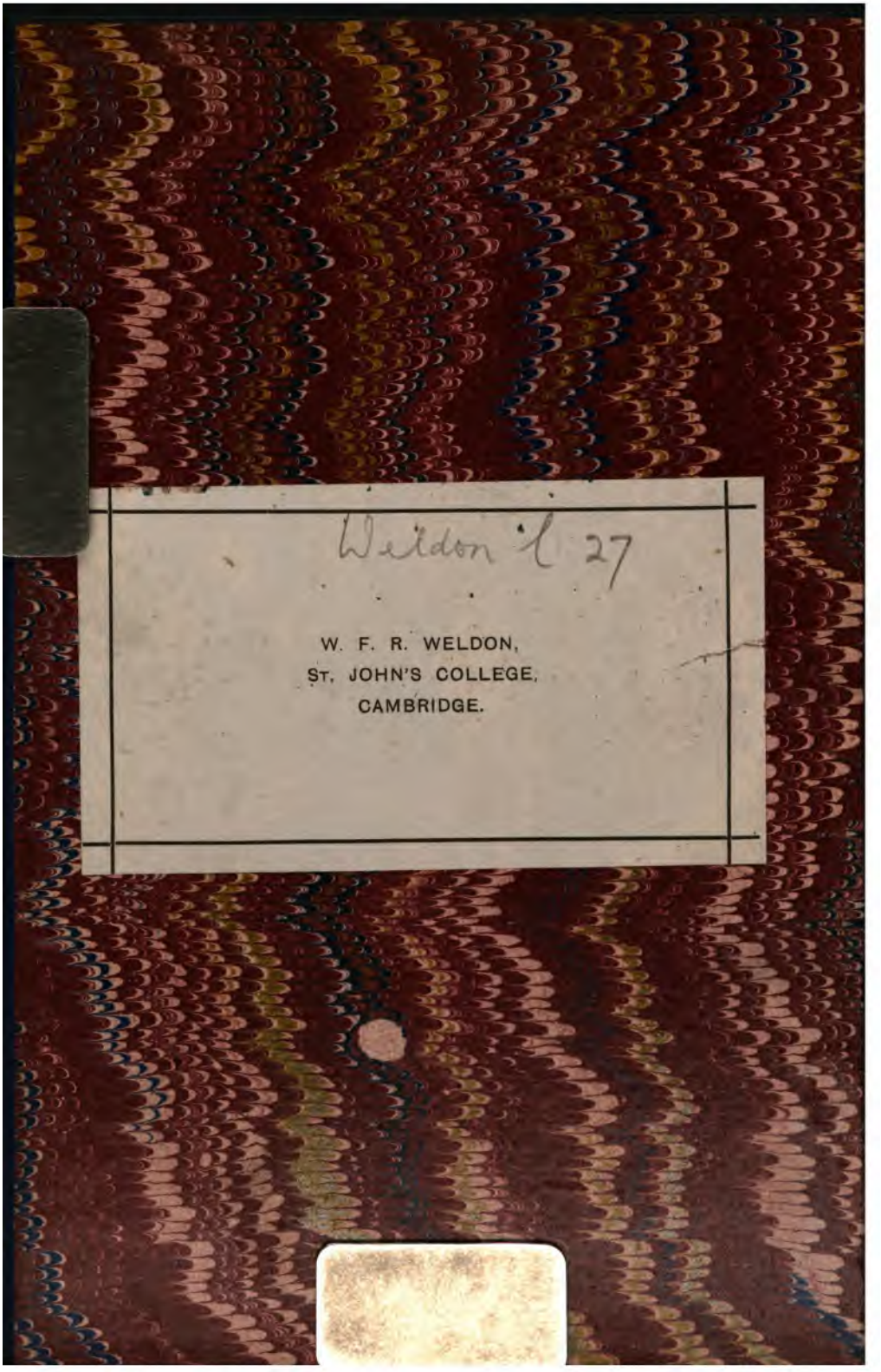
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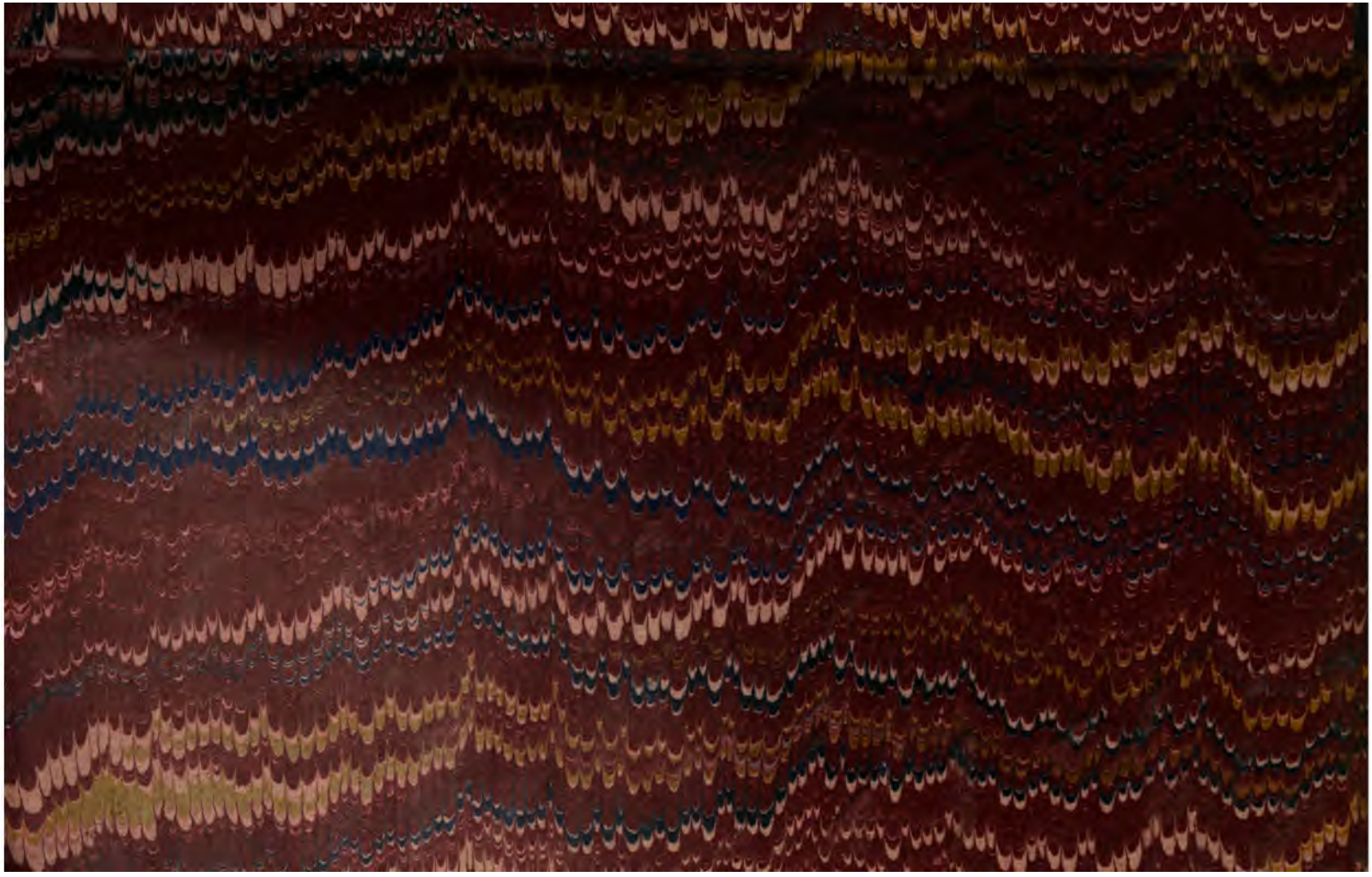

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EDITED BY

John Ruskin,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

VOL. II.

ROCK HONEYCOMB.

BROKEN PIECES OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S PSALTER.

LAID UP IN STORE FOR ENGLISH HOMES.

WITH A PREFACE AND COMMENTARY

By the Editor.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

ELLIS AND WHITE, 29, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON;

AND

GEORGE ALLEN, SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.

1877.

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PREFACE.

SUNDAY, *9th July*, 1876.

YESTERDAY evening, one of the sweetest and brightest of this hitherto sweet summer, the 'Coniston band,' consisting of the musically minded working men of the village, rowed itself, for its 'Saturday at e'en' delectation, into the middle of the lake; and, floating just between Brantwood and the 'Hall,' on the opposite shore, where Sir Philip Sidney, it is delivered by tradition, lived for a time, with his sister, in our Arcadia of western meres,—poured forth divers pipings and trumpetings, with meritorious endeavour, and, I doubt not, real, innocent, and useful pleasure to itself, and to the village hearers on the opposite green shore.

Mostly, polka music, with occasional sublimities—'My Maryland,' and 'God save the Emperor,' and the like;—pleasant enough, sometimes, to hear, from this shore also: but, as it chanced, yesterday, very destructive of my comfort in showing the bright roses and deep purple foxgloves on my banks to two

guests, for whom the flowers and the evening light were good; but gay music, not so.

And it might, with little pains, have been much otherwise; for if, instead of a somewhat briefly exercised band, playing on trumpets and shawms, concerning a Maryland of which they probably did not know either the place or the history, and an Emperor, a proposal for whose instant expulsion from his dominions would have been probably received with as much applause in the alehouse, as the prayer that God would save him, upon the lake;—if, I say, instead of this tuneful, and occasionally out-of-tuneful, metallic noise, produced, with little meaning beyond the noise itself, by the fathers of the village, a few clearly understood and rightly intended words had been chanted for us in harmony by the children of it;—suppose, for instance, in truly trained concord and happy understanding, such words as these of Sir Philip Sidney's own, echoed back from the tender ruin of the walls that had been his home, and rising to the fair mountain heaven, which is still alike his home and ours;—

"From snare the fowler lays
He shall thee sure untye;
The noisome blast that plaguing strays
Untoucht, shall pass thee by.

Soft hived with wing and plume
Thou in his shroud shall lie,
And on his truth no less presume
Than in his shield affy,"

the July sunset would not have been less happy to the little choir, and the peace of it would have been deepened for those to whom it could bring happiness no more.

"Is any among you afflicted?—let him pray. Is any merry?—let him sing psalms."

The entire simplicity and literalness of this command of the first Bishop of the Christian Church cannot, of course, be now believed, in the midst of our luxurious art of the oratorio, and dramatically modulated speeches of Moses in Egypt, and Elijah on Carmel. But the command is, nevertheless, as kind and wise as it is simple; and if ever Old England again becomes Merry England, the first use she will make of her joyful lips, will be to sing psalms.

I have stated, in the first sketch of the design of our St. George's education, that music is to be its earliest element; and I think it of so pressing importance to make the required method of musical teaching understood, that I have thrown all other employment aside for the moment, in order to get this edition of Sir Philip Sidney's Psalter prepared

for school service. I will state the principles of music and of song which it is intended to illustrate, as briefly as possible.

All perfectly rhythmic poetry is meant to be sung to music,* and all entirely noble music is the illustration of noble words. The arts of word and of note, separate from each other, become degraded; and the muse-less sayings, or senseless melodies, harden the intellect, or demoralize the ear.

Yet better—and manifoldly better—unvocal word and idle note, than the degradation of the most fateful truths of God to be the subjects of scientific piping for our musical pastime. There is excuse, among our uneducated classes, for the Christmas Pantomime, but none, among our educated classes, for the Easter Oratorio.

The law of nobleness in music and poetry is essentially one. Both are the necessary and natural expression of pure and virtuous human joy, or sorrow, by the lips and fingers of persons trained in right schools to manage their bodies and souls.

* Lyric and epic of course, without question; and didactic, if it be indeed poetry. Satirical primarily, or philosophical, verses, as of Juvenal, Lucretius, or Pope's Essay on Criticism, are merely measured prose,—the grander for being measured, but not, because of their bonds, becoming poetry. Dramatic verse is not perfectly rhythmic, when it is entirely right.

Every child should be taught, from its youth, to govern its voice discreetly and dexterously, as it does its hands; and not to be able to sing should be more disgraceful than not being able to read or write. For it is quite possible to lead a virtuous and happy life without books, or ink; but not without wishing to sing, when we are happy; nor without meeting with continual occasions when our song, if right, would be a kind service to others.

The best music, like the best painting, is entirely popular; it at once commends itself to every one, and does so through all ages. The worst music, like the worst painting, commends itself at first, in like manner, to ninety-nine people out of a hundred; but after doing them its appointed quantity of mischief, it is forgotten, and new modes of mischief composed. The less we compose at present, the better: there is good music enough written to serve the world for ever; what we want of it for our schools, may be gradually gathered, under these following general laws of song:—

I. None but beautiful and true words are to be set to music at all; nor must any be usually sung but those which express the feelings of noble persons under the common circumstances of life, and its actual joys and griefs. Songs extreme in pathos are a morbid form of the indulgence of

our desire for excitement; unless in actual dramatic function, becoming part of a great course of thought in which they fulfil the highest tone,—as Ophelia's "White his shroud;" which may be properly sung in its appointed place, but there only. It is profane and vulgar to take these pieces out of their shrines; and injurious to all the finer states of thought and habits of life to compose such without shrines.

II. Accompaniments are always to be subordinate, and the voice of the singer, or choir, supreme. But it is quite possible to keep the richest combinations of instrumental music subordinate to the vocal notes, as great painters can make the richest decoration subordinate to a simple story. And the noblest instrumental execution is felt by true musical instinct to be more conspicuous in this humility and precision of restraint, than in its most consummate dexterity of separate achievement.

III. Independent instrumental music is, to singing, what painted glass is to painting: it admits the extremest multiplication, fantasy, range, and concord of note; and has the same functions of magnificence, and powers of awe or pleasure, that the casements have in a cathedral. But all the greatest music is by the human voice, as all greatest painting is of the human face.

IV. All songs are to be sung to their accompaniment, straight forward, as they would be read, or naturally chanted. You must never sing

"Scots whaw-aw^{aw} ^{aw} aw aw-hae wi' Wa-$^{a-}$ $^{a-}$ a-a-

a-$^{a-}$ a-a-$^{a-}$ a-$^{a-}$ a-$^{a-}$ a-$^{a-}$ al-lace bled,"

nor "Welcome, welcome, welcome to your go—to your go—to your go-oo-ooo-ory bed;" but sing it as you would say it. Neither, even if a song is too short, may you ever extend it by such expedients. You must sing "Come unto these yellow sands" clear through, and be sorry when it is done; but never

"Come unto these ya-$^{a-}$ $^{a-}$ a-a-$^{a-}$ $^{a-}$ a-a, etc., low sands."

V. The airs of songs by great composers must never be used for other words than those they were written for. Nothing is so destructive of all musical understanding as the habit of fitting a tune that tickles the ear to any syllables that it will stick on; and a single instance may show the point to which this barbarism has reached in the musical catastrophes of modern concert, prepared for the uneducated and the idle. The other day, on the table of my inn at Cambridge, I chanced to take up a modern 'adaptation' of

Rossini's 'Stabat Mater,' and found that the music intended for the Latin syllables here given in the upper lines was to be sung indifferently to the English ones below :—

Sta	-	bat	Ma	-	ter	Do	-	lo	-	ro	- sa
Lord		most	ho	-	ly	Lord		most		migh	- ty
Jux	-	ta	- Cru	-	cem	La	-	cry	-	mo	- sa
Righ	-	teous	ev	-	er	Are		thy		judg	- ments
Dum		pen	- de	-	bat	Fi	-	li	-	us	
Save		us	for		thy	Mer	-	cy's		sake	

Imagine the idea thus conveyed to the listening mob, of the composer's intention, or of the dramatic power of his work.*

VI. Ballad music is, of course, written with the intent that it shall fit itself to any sentiment by mere difference of adopted time and accent. The right delivery of it will follow naturally on true feeling of the ballad. The absurdity of the ordinary supposition that music can express feeling definitely, without words, is shown in a moment by the fact that such general expressions *can* be written, and that in any good and classic ballad-

* Rossini's Stabat was, I believe, itself a transposition of this kind, the music having been originally written for other words. But the master himself may do this, if he think good; not his scholars or executants. What words he finally leaves his composition arranged for, must thenceforward be retained.

music, the merry and melancholy parts of the story may be with entire propriety and satisfaction sung to precisely the same melody.*

* The following very interesting portion of a letter from a man of the highest scientific attainments, and of great general sensitive faculty and intellectual power, expresses the general faith in the independent power of music in so forcible a manner that, in once more replying to the arguments he brings forward, I conceive enough to be said on the subject. The letter opens with a reference to my use of the word 'subordinate' in paragraph II. above:—

"My dear Ruskin,—'Subordinate' is not the right word, though I think you mean right. 'Co-ordinate' would be more correct. Both words and music should express as far as possible the idea intended to be conveyed; but music can convey emotion more powerfully than words, and independently of them. Mozart in his Masses only thought of the words as syllables for hanging notes on, and so wrote music quite profane. Bach, on the contrary, wrote, as it were, on his knees, when he wrote Church music. For instance, the 'Dona nobis' was set by Mozart to noise and triumph; by J. S. Bach is made a solemn, gentle, and tender prayer, preparing the congregation for the rest of the service. There, no repetition of the words 'dona nobis pacem' would give calm to the mind of the listener or reader, but the musical repetition, with variation, extends and enhances the calm both in listener and singer; but it would be quite incorrect to say Bach had 'subordinated' the music to the words, for, to a musician, no words could express so much as his music does. Like painting and poetry, music has its own special power, and its own field; it is vague compared with poetry in description, but more exact in expressing feeling (!); painting belongs to a point of time (!!); music to its extension beyond poetry.

"We have just the same kind of thing in music, though so much less is needed for musical criticism. J. S. Bach's greatest work is about to be performed for the first time in London, and L. has had a letter from a professional that might have been a critique on Turner written by Maclise, the man being unable to hear what

VII. Playful, and comic, singing are subject to the same laws as play, in life; and jesting, in conversation. No vulgar person can be taught how to play, or to jest, like a gentleman; and, for the most part, comic songs are for the vulgar only. Their higher standard is fixed, in note and word, by Mozart and Rossini; but I cannot at present judge how far even these men may have lowered the true function of the joyful Muse.

Thus far of the great general laws under which music is to be taught in St. George's schools. The reasons for them will be given at greater length elsewhere: and, for beginning of songs to be sung, I have chosen this body of paraphrases of the Psalter, attributed in part to Sir Philip Sidney, and, whether his or not, better written

Bach was aiming at,—devotional expression of the words. So it must ever be—during our days, at any rate."

I hope better, dear friend; thinking in truth, more highly of music in its true function than you do; but replying to your over-estimate of its independent strength, simply that music gives emotions stronger than words only to persons who do not completely understand words, but do completely enjoy sensations. A great part of the energy of the wars of the world is indeed attributable to the excitement produced by military bands; but a single word will move a good soldier more than an entire day of the most artistic piping and drumming. The Dead March in Saul may be more impressive than words, to people who don't know what Death is; but to those who do, no growling in brass can make it gloomier; and Othello's one cry, "Oh, Desdemona, Desdemona,—dead!" will go to their hearts,

than any other rhymed version of the Psalms at present known to me, and of peculiar value as a classic model of the English language at the time of its culminating perfection.

When I came into the country this summer, I had with me the little Chiswick Press edition, published in 1823, expecting to find it tolerably correct, and not doubting but that I should be able, with little difficulty, if any part of it were really Sidney's, to distinguish his work from that of any other writer concerned in the book, and arrange it for publication in a separate form.

But on examining the book, I perceived it to require complete revision, the punctuation being all set at random; and the text full of easily corrigible misreadings. And I found, with greater

when a whole cathedral choir, in the richest and most harmonious of whines, would be no more to them than a dog's howling,—not half so much, if the dog loved the dead person. In the instance given by my friend, the music of Bach would assuredly put any disagreeable piece of business out of his head, and prepare him to listen with edification to the sermon, better than the mere *repetition* of the words "Dona nobis pacem." But if he ever had needed peace, and had gone into church really to ask for it, the plain voices of the congregation, uttering the prayer but once, and meaning it, would have been more precious to him than all the quills and trills that ever musician touched or music trembled in. I can only mark the two sentences in the last clause of the letter with notes of—(very extreme)—wonder,—the last especially, for an unchanged chord of colour may be enjoyed by the eye many minutes longer than an unchanged chord of sound by the ear.

surprise, that, instead of shining out with any recognizable brightness, the translations attributed by tradition to Sidney included many of the feeblest in the volume; and that while several curious transitions in manner, and occasional fillings and retouchings by evidently inferior writers, were traceable through the rest, the entire body of the series was still animated by the same healthy and impetuous spirit, and could by no criticism of mine be divided into worthy and unworthy portions.

Under these circumstances, to have attempted a critical edition of the book would have involved a year's labour, a volume of correspondence, and I knew not what wistful hours of research among dark library shelves. Such an edition will, I hope, in good time, be undertaken by some accomplished English scholar, and a chastised text given us, collected from whatever fragments exist of authoritative MS. But, in the meantime, with such summer leisure as I have at command, I can make the book, as we have it, a serviceable and fitting part of our Bibliotheca Pastorum. In the first place, therefore, the text being clearly inaccurate, I give up the old spelling altogether, and write the version in our own manner, unless here and there, when the former meaning of the word requires also the former lettering. I farther

correct the punctuation, and replace the visibly needful readings.

In the second place, I omit the pieces which, either by accident or by inferior authorship, fall greatly below the general standard; and those also in which quaintness of thought or word has been carried beyond the utmost I could ask of the patience of existing taste. Even of the paraphrases which, thus sifted, remained for choice, I have taken only those which contain lessons, or express feelings, applicable to or natural to our own modern life; and which may therefore be sung, with personal adoption of their sentiment, some by the young, and some by the old, among us, who still can heartily praise their God, or appeal to Him, in the passion of song.

Of such Psalms, forty-four, closing with the seventy-second, are arranged in this volume, with so much of commentary as seemed to me likely to make them more serviceable to the general reader; the second volume, containing a similar selection to the end of the Psalter, will, I hope, be ready at least before the end of the year, and a little school-manual of the elements of prosody, explaining the laws of English and Latin mediæval metre, as distinguished from classic metre, is already written; but I can't get

it printed till after Easter. It will explain farther some points respecting the musical value of these paraphrases, which are too complex for statements here.

But the main use of these second and third parts of the Shepherd's Library, to the modern reader, will depend on his fully understanding these following particulars concerning the manner and the melody of these ancient paraphrases.

First, I say concerning their manner, which differs from that of paraphrases prepared by modern writers for existing church services in a very serious way indeed. For modern writers of devotional rhyme always assume, that if the thing which David (or other original writer to be paraphrased) said, cannot be conveniently arranged in their own quatrain, or whatever the stanza may be,—a piece of David's saying may be cut off, and a piece of their own or any other pious person's saying, fastened on, without any harm: their object being only to obtain such a concatenation of pious sayings as may, on the whole, be sung without offence, and by their pleasant sound soothe and refresh the congregation after kneeling till they are stiff. But the idea of any of these melodious sentiments being really *adopted* by the singers, and meant as a true assertion, never for a

moment enters the composer's head. Thus, in my own parish church, only the Sunday before last, the whole congregation, and especially the children, sang, in great glee and contentment, a hymn which declared their extreme eagerness to die, and be immediately with God: but if, in the course of the tune, the smallest bit of plaster had fallen from the ceiling, implying any degree of instability in the rafters thereof, very certainly the whole symphonious company would have scuttled out as fast as they could; and a prophetic intimation, conveyed to any of the mothers of the curly-haired children sitting by the altar, that their own darling was never again to be seen in that place, would as certainly have spoiled the mother's singing of the devotional exercise appointed for her that afternoon. God be thanked that it would.

Again, I observe that among the canticles which might be supposed, without absurdity, really more or less to be expressive of the feelings of a village congregation, a favourite one, founded on the promise that when two or three are gathered in the name of Christ, He is in the midst of them, closes with the following invocation:

> "Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
> Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear!
> Oh, rend the heavens,—come quickly down,
> And make a thousand hearts thine own."

Which charming stanza is apparently sung with great unction by everybody; and it never seems to occur to any of their minds that if Christ is in the midst of them, there is no occasion for His arm to be long, and still less for His rending the heavens to come down to them; or that, although a thousand hearts may be a sonorous phrase for the end of a stanza, it is not what most people would understand by a 'few,' and still less a parallel for Christ's expression 'two or three.' The fact being that the poor rhymester, totally incapable of conceiving the nearness or the being of Christ at all, or any emotion whatever which would be caused by either, fills up his idle verses with the first phrases that jingle into his jaded asses' ears out of the prophecies of Isaiah, though the first, concerning the shortened arm of God, was written for people so far from having Christ in the midst of them, that their iniquities had entirely separated them from Him, and their sins hidden His face,—(Isaiah lix. 1, 2); and the second is an appeal by the prophet for the descent of God, not among His friends, but against His adversaries, that the nations might "tremble at His presence" (Isaiah lxiv. 1, 2).

The entire system of modern English canticle is thus half paralytic, half profane, consisting partly

of the expression of what the singers never in their lives felt, or attempted to feel; and partly in the address of prayers to God, which nothing could more disagreeably astonish them than His attending to.

Now Sidney's paraphrase, in common with all gentleman's literary work in the Elizabethan period, differs wholly from such modern attempts in this main particular, that it aims straight, and with almost fiercely fixed purpose, at getting into the heart and truth of the thing it has got to say; and unmistakably, at any cost of its own dignity, explaining *that* to the hearer, shrinking from no familiarity, and restricting itself from no expansion in terms, that will make the thing meant clearer. So that whereas a modern version, if only it clothe itself in what the author supposes to be genteel language, is thought perfectly satisfactory, though the said genteel language mean exactly the contrary of what David meant,—Sir Philip will use any cowboy's or tinker's words, if only they help him to say precisely in English what David said in Hebrew: impressed, the while, himself so vividly by the majesty of the thought itself, that no tinker's language can lower it or vulgarize it in his mind. And, again, while the modern paraphraser will put in anything that

happens to strike his fancy, to fill the fag-end of a stanza, but never thinks of expanding or illustrating the matter in hand, Sidney, if the thought in his original appears to him pregnant, and partly latent, instantly breaks up his verse into franker and fuller illustration; but never adds a syllable of any other matter, to fill even the most hungry gap of verse.

Of the relative simplicity or familiarity of expression, I need give no instances, as they occur continually; but of the illustrative expansion, I may refer for a pretty example to the stanza quoted in the beginning of this preface, paraphrasing the verses of the ninety-first psalm.

Compare our prose version, and observe the manner of Sidney's amplification.

"Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler." Yes, thinks Sir Philip,—but does that mean, by *showing* the snare, and so keeping us out of it,—or by delivering us after we have fallen into it? Not always by showing it, certainly; (he has been caught, himself, too often to believe that!) but always by redeeming us from it. But how redeeming?—by breaking the net roughly at once? No, that is not His way; but by untying it, thread by thread. All this is told with one word:

> "From snare the fowler lays,
> He shall thee sure *untye*."

"And from the noisome pestilence." Noisome? thinks Sir Philip,—why this added word? why is one disease more noisome than another? It is spiritual evil, and cannot therefore mean mere loathsomeness of bodily affliction; it must mean the power of corruption,—the deadly power, which strikes so that, even when the disease itself is gone, its effects remain incurable. The deliverance from *this* evil must be before it strikes, not afterwards!

> "The noisome blast that plaguing strays,
> *Untoucht* shall pass thee by."

"He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust."

'Trust,'—yes, but how? thinks Sidney. Not as armour, these; a bird does not defend her brood with her wings, but with beak and claw, if need be. The wings are for warmth, and shelter, and hiding-place.

> "Soft hived, with wing and plume
> Thou in his shroud shalt lie;"

and note the '*soft* hived,'—having the hive, or home, made soft, and warm; and the beautiful old use of 'shroud' for hiding or covering mantle.

"His faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler."

Yes,—*now* we come to the armour, he thinks;

but 'truth,' why should that, no less than faithfulness, be spoken of as guardian? Then he perceives that the serenity of repose in the promises of God is as necessary a part of the safety of a timid heart as the security of dependence upon His protection. Therefore he says, thou shalt no less 'presume' (take beforehand, or possess beforehand,) on His promises, than have affiance in His guard;

> "And on his truth no less presume
> Than in his shield affy."

And, indeed, with respect to all these paraphrases, my principal reason for making them a part of our Shepherds' library is not merely their being in a classically melodious form; but besides, and rather, that they continually interpret or illustrate what is latent or ambiguous in the original. Where there is no manifest gain of this kind, I have seldom admitted the paraphrase into our series; and, on the ground of what I supposed would be offensive verbal simplicity, have parted with many more than I should have thought myself justified in rejecting, were it not that I trust in the possession, some day soon, of a classical and authoritative edition of the whole.

Enough are here, however, for all practical purposes; and when those which are to form the closing volume are added, there will also be enough

to give a complete idea of the variety and art of versification carried through the whole. I must delay the reader yet a little while presently, to explain the general methods of metre employed.

Thus much it is enough to observe respecting the method of Sir Philip's version. We must now finally note some matters bearing on its theological accuracy.

As consummate expression whether of faith or feeling, the Psalter has retained its power among all nations worshipping the God of Israel, from the day it was completed to our own. But as a code of Christian morality, it has virtually ceased to be profitable to any of us;—nay, has in many ways become confusing and dangerous, owing to the reckless choice, or transposition, of the terms, correspondent, in English, to those descriptive of virtue and vice, piety and atheism, in the original. I do not know how far, in the Hebrew itself, the subtlety and precision exist which ennoble the Septuagint and the Vulgate: but, assuredly, the writers of these versions understood from the Hebrew, and expressed in their own more capably various diction, a series of distinctions between the methods of vice and virtue in men, on the understanding of which is founded the proper philosophy of the Psalter, and which, neglecting, we read it

absolutely without power of applying practically any one of its precepts, or apprehending intelligently the issue of any one of its promises or threatenings.

Though without any special attention to this subject, and with frequent lapses into the vagueness of common English, the Sidney version is yet so studiously moulded on the classical originals, that, with only here and there the notice of an ambiguous word, it will become quite clear to us in its expression of these ethics of the Psalter. But that it may become so, we must preparatorily observe the main distinctions of the Greek and Latin words whose force it thus observantly renders.

The benediction, in the opening of the first psalm, divides at once the virtue which is to be strengthened, or to find voice, in the following psalms, into three conditions, the understanding of which is the key to the entire law of Old Testament morality.

"Blessed is the man who" (first) "has not walked in the counsel of the ungodly."

That is to say, who has not advanced, or educated himself, in the '*counsel*,' (either the opinions or the advice,) of men who are unconscious of the existence of God.

That is the law of our Intellectual Education.

"Nor" (secondly) "stood in the way of sinners."

That is to say, who has not adopted for the *standing*, establishing, and rule of his life, the ways, customs, or principles of the men who, whether conscious or unconscious of God's being, disobey His commands.

That is the law of our moral conduct.

"And hath not" (thirdly) "sat in the seat of the *scornful*."

That is to say, who has not, in teaching or ruling others, permitted his own pride or egotism to make him intolerant of their creeds, impatient of their ignorance, or unkind to their failings. This throne of pride is, in the Vulgate, called the throne of *Pestilence*. I know not on what ground; but assuredly conveying this farther truth, that the source of all noisome blast of heresy, "that *plaguing* strays" in the Christian Church, has been the pride and egotism of its pastors.

Here, then, are defined for us in the first words of the Psalter, the three great vices of Intellectual Progress, Moral Stature, and Cathedral Enthronement, by which all men are tempted in their learning, their doing, and their teaching; and in conquering which, they are to receive the blessing of God, and the peaceful success of their human

life. These three sins are always expressed in the Greek Psalter in the same terms:

Ungodliness is *ἀσέβεια*;
Sin is *ἁμαρτία*;
Pride is *ὑπερηφανία*;

and the tenor of every passage throughout the Psalms, occupied in the rebuke or threatening of the 'wicked,' is coloured by its specific direction against one or other of these forms of sin.

But, separate from all these sins, and governing them, is the monarchic 'Iniquity,' which consists in the *wilful* adoption of, and persistence in, these other sins, by deliberately sustained false balance of the heart and brain.

A man may become *ἄσεβής*, impious, by natural stupidity.

He may become *ἁμαρτωλός*, sinful, by natural weakness.

And he may become *ὑπερήφανος*, insolent, by natural vanity.

But he only becomes *ἄδικος*, unjust, or unrighteous, by resolutely refusing to see the truth that makes against him; and resolutely contemplating the truth that makes for him.

Against this 'iniquity,' or 'unrighteousness,' the chief threatenings of the Psalter are directed, striking often literally and low, at direct dishonesty

in commercial dealings, and rising into fiercest indignation at spiritual dishonesty in the commercial dealing and 'trade' of the heart.

And the words 'righteousness' and 'unrighteousness,' throughout the Psalter, have this meaning, and no other. It is needless to say how fatally their vital, imperative, and purifying force has been evaded by modern glosses of the evangelical school of readers and teachers, who imagine that the word 'righteousness' means that 'forgiveness of sins' which they expect to get, without ever being purged from them. The following vocabulary of fourteen words, with their derivatives, for general reference, with a few notes on separate paraphrases, will now make the ethics of the Sidney text in these volumes entirely intelligible. My own commentary, when it bears on ethical question, is always made on the ordinary English prose version, using the Sidney text only to illustrate it.

I take first the seven principal words which variously express the nature of the Revelation or Law of God, in which David so perpetually rejoices; and after each I give his special saying concerning it, in the nineteenth psalm.

1. *νόμος*. The law of the Lord of Creation; kept by Him inviolate in faithfulness through all the changes of providential dealing. It includes

physical law, and whatever is recognized as 'cosmic' by modern naturalists: but the essence of it is the guardian Law of Life, that which appoints that love shall produce joy; hatred, pain;—disunion, weakness; concurrence, power;—license, death; and obedience, life. It is full of spiritual mysteries, and is felt more and more to be blessed and holy as it is sought out. David never speaks of it but with passionate love. It exists always, above, and without, any commandment, being the Law which Christ came, not to destroy, but fulfil.

"THE LAW OF THE LORD IS PERFECT, CONVERTING THE SOUL."

The derivative '*ἀνομία*' means *wilful* lawlessness, or rebellion, often translated 'wickedness,' which is in pure English only another word for witchcraft, or evil magic—the defiance of the law of the universe by a crooked enchantment. "For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft."

The derivative '*ἄνομος*,' lawless, means the state of mind in which a man not only disobeys the commands of the State, but the dictates of nature. Adultery, usury, cannibalism, and the like, are forms of *ἀνομιά*, as distinct from *ἁμαρτία*.

2. *ἐντολή*. The 'Commandment,' or, in plural, commandments, equally translated precept, or precepts. That part of the law which God has

expressed in words, and which it is enough for simple people to obey, without knowing why. A child may obey its parents, and a man resolve not to live by stealing, without in the least recognizing the glory of the eternal obedience, or the loss of spiritual joy by rapine.

"THE COMMANDMENT OF THE LORD IS PURE, ENLIGHTENING THE EYES."

3. *μαρτυρία.* The Testimony, or, in plural, testimonies. The spoken teaching of God, enforcing His commandments with promise or threatening; and recording what He desires His creatures to know concerning Himself and His work; and concerning themselves and their work. Of these, David writes, "Thy testimonies are my delight and my counsellors;" and Paul, "He left not Himself without witness." Compare Deut. xxxi. 19, Isa. lv. 4, Matt. xxiv. 14.

"THE TESTIMONY OF THE LORD IS SURE, MAKING WISE THE SIMPLE."

4. *δικαίωμα.* Statute, and in plural statutes. The continual doing of justice;—the fixed attachment of such and such penalties to the violation,—such and such rewards to the keeping,—of the commandment, and hearing of the witness.

"THE STATUTES OF THE LORD ARE RIGHT, AND REJOICE THE HEART."

5. *κρῖμα.* Judgment, and, in plural, judgments. Definite punishment or reward pronounced against personal or national definite parts of conduct.

"THE JUDGMENTS OF THE LORD ARE TRUE AND RIGHTEOUS ALTOGETHER."

6. *λόγος.* The Word, or definite exertion (or to subordinate beings, expression,) of God's will, as in creation or any other (so-called) act, or series of acts, of the Supreme Being. It is separate from the constant *νόμος*, in so far as "by the Word of the Lord were the heavens made," but considered as only a part of the constant *νόμος*, when it is said, "heaven and earth shall pass away, but my Word shall not."

"THE FEAR OF THE LORD IS CLEAN, ENDURING FOR EVER."

7. *λόγια.* The oracles. The (to us apparently separate) various divisions of the words and acts of God.

These being the essential divisions of Revelation, the virtue and guilt of men in relation to them are expressed by this second group of distinct terms, each with its proper opposite.

1. *ἀγαθός. κακὸς.* The good man,—the bad. The terms that, regarding all qualities in both, cast them up, and give the net value.

(I am interrupted in my work at this moment,—

Oxford, Sunday, 13th July, 1876, seven, morning, —first by a long rumble, which,—thinking it for a while to be something going on in the next rooms,—I make out to be a luggage train; and then, just as I begin again, and am considering whether to say 'simple' or 'general' terms,—by a steady whistle,—which, coming in with the morning air through the open window, worries me as if a cat were in the room, sustaining her mew at a high note. Vainly trying to fix my mind for ten or twelve seconds, as I find the noise going on, getting louder, and at last breaking into startling demi-semiquavers, I give up my business, for the present,—and count fifty-three, slowly, before this musical entertainment and psalm of modern life stops. Actually there's another train coming, just as I have finished this paragraph. I have counted eighty, and it is still not over;—at last things are getting quiet, and I will try to go on.)

Give the net value, I was going to say, at St. Michael's price and weight, by St. Michael's scales. 'A good man'; a Positive article, in flesh and soul. *Worth* at least *some*thing, to his people—to his age. 'A bad man'; a Negative article in flesh and soul. Worth so much *less* than nothing to his people and age; a blot, and clog, and plague to them.

These terms not only include, but have primary

reference to, qualities of breed. They are used of men as we should use them of horses. And the sum of good and evil is calculated, not so much in honour or pleasure to the man himself, as in his pure usefulness and trustworthiness to others.

1*a*. 'Goodness,' not in use. 1*b*. 'Badness,' frequent. Sidney's terms, good and evil.

2. δίκαιος; ἄδικος. 'Just,' 'unjust,' or righteous and unrighteous. Already enough explained. The main scriptural distinction.

2*a*. 'Justice.' 2*b*. 'Injustice.' Both in constant use.*

3. πιστός. ἄπιστος. Faithful. Unfaithful. Not used in true opposition. The first means usually

* As I begin Article 2, a third luggage train comes and goes. I count 148—(and it's not quite over,)—what, in the name of all that's profane, do they mean by taking Sunday morning for this business? Actually, after five minutes more, comes a fourth; to this I count only 105. Now, at eight o'clock, there's my own cathedral bell begins, which would have helped me, rather than hurt, but for the railroad noise first—but now is conclusively destructive of all my power of morning thought.

Venice, Sunday, 18th March, 1877.—The rest of the preface, therefore, was set down in my notes of it, without expansion. Long enough, perhaps the reader may think; but I wish those railroad trains had not hindered me from saying what I had in my mind about the service in shadow,

"Ye that by night, stand in the House of the Lord,"

also—about the psalmody before the battle of Leuthen, and in the following night-march, (Frederick, Book 18th, chap. 10,) and Covenanting and Cromwellian psalmody in general, as opposed either to Cavalier song, or to the Canticles of modern liberty.

faithful in the sense of trustworthy. "Faithful is he that calleth you." The second has the sense of 'incredulous,' ('be not faithless, but believing,' to St. Thomas,) or 'infidel' (1st Tim. v. 8); 'the fearful and unbelieving (Rev. xxi. 8).

3*a*. Faith. 3*b*. Infidelity. Constant, and in true opposition, Faith signifying trust, and not truth.

4. *εὐσεβής*. *ἀσεβής*. Godly. Ungodly. The capacity, increased by industry and humility, of intelligently apprehending the existence of higher spirits, and reverently worshipping them; opposed to the incapacity of doing so, increased by idleness, or vanity.

4*a*. Godliness. 4*b*. Ungodliness. Constant.

5. *ταπεινός*. *υπερήφανος*. Humble. Proud. Best opposed in the Magnificat: "He hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden. He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts." So Psalm cxix.: "He hath rebuked the proud that are cursed;"—compare cxxxi. for the opposed humility.

5*a*. Lowliness. 5*b*. Pride. Constant.

6. *δοῦλος*. *ἄνομος*. Servant. Lawless. The most frequent of oppositions, next to just and unjust. In both groups, the virtue and the vice are always considered as wilful; but injustice is the wilful sin

of intellectual persons, and lawlessness of fools; so that a peculiarly cretinous condition of brain has been developed in modern days for the apostleship of *ἀνομια*. It is the sin which physically is represented by decomposition—i.e., in organic being, death;—and all witchcraft, necromancy, and the like, are parts of it. 'Wickedness' is the Saxon word; embracing, curiously, derivations from others, meaning 'enchanted,' 'crooked,' (perverse,) and 'vitiated.' So, also, justice is the resolute virtue of intellectual persons, and servitude the resolute virtue of the simple. "Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which *by night* stand in the house of the Lord." Psalm cxxxiv.

6*a*. Servitude. 6*b*. Wickedness. Constant.

7. *ἅγιος*. *ἁμαρτωλός*. Saint. Sinner. The conclusive opposition, expressing with respect to birth in the Spirit what *ἀγαθος* and *κακος* express with respect to birth in the flesh. The Saints are the chosen, or found, of God; the Sinners, the Reprobate, (tried and found wanting, cast away, or lost,) of God. The Son of Man comes to seek and to save that which is lost; He comes for *ἁμαρτώλοι*, but not for *ὑπερήφανοι*, *ἄνομοι*, or *ἄδικοι*. For sinners; but not for the proud, the lawless, or the unjust.

These seven oppositions, kept clearly in mind,

will enable the reader, with little farther pains, to understand, not only the Psalter, but the entire theology of the Old Testament, and mode of its translation in the New. One farther opposition must be noted; but as external to all the others: ὁσιος and ἐθνικος, holy and profane—that is to say, belonging to the visible church, or to the 'heathen.' Wickedness, or perversity, (disobeying the God it knows well,) is the sin of the visible Church; but Forgetfulness,—not seeking the God it knows dimly, of the Heathen. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and the heathen, that forget God." Psalm ix. 17.

Finally, what full sense was intended by David in the terms Hell and Heaven themselves, it is needless to ask more than we may here positively know from the shades or lights of each that "lie about us in our pilgrimage." We need not think even that recognition of our state will always be conscious. In the extreme of perdition, our earthly spirit does not know that it is lost; and there are souls scattered afar upon the Elysian Hills, that, shepherdless, breathe the air of Paradise, and shall return, every man, to his house in peace.

OF THE SIDNEY METRES.

BEFORE examining the manner of these Elizabethan chants, I must say a word or two of the use of metrical psalm at all.

That any words spoken in utter truth and intensity of feeling should be 'measured' seems at first impossible, or at least unfitting. On a field of battle, a soldier does not ask for quarter in iambic verse; and the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner," would not be made more pathetic by any echo which we could contrive for it between 'sin' and 'win,' or 'God' and 'rod.'

But when our feelings are moved by no sudden impulse, and raised to no pitch of passion too great to be sustained, it is an honourable sign of our words that they *are* measured;—it is proper that they should bear upon them this seal of having been considered before they were uttered; nor is any sentiment in

itself so intense but that, if continuous, it may be expressed more nobly under the laws of harmony and symmetry than without them.

Farther; in the greater number of persons of average power of mind, when of happy disposition and unoppressed life, feelings of anxiety, distress, or desire, never become so deep as to forbid the enjoyment of cheerful sound in their expression. Whatever regret they may feel at having done wrong,—whatever hope of some day entering a better world if they do right, their remorse is never so poignant, nor their longing so extreme, but that both may be uttered in rhythmic syllables, and even deepened and excited by the cadence of them. The joyful and eager youth of a man like Sidney is necessarily incapable of entering into the darker thoughts of a heart like David's in old age; and the general mass of amiably and pleasantly religious persons can no more understand a psalm, than a kitten a Greek tragedy; but we may always claim from them sincerity in accepting what is suited to their age; nor need we refuse to the young what farther pleasure or sense of duty they may receive from the chanting of noble words, because the days are yet distant by whose melancholy tutorship such words are to be made finally intelligible.

And farther; while the unrhymed and undecorated language with which graver hearts would be content, is ineffectual on feebler and more impulsive dispositions, there is nothing in the symmetry of graceful terms, so long as they remain true, which need offend the feelings whose glow has no need of them. So long as the instrument is in real harmony, no strength of thought need be abated by the pleasantness of its echo; and if those who are the strongest in passion, or intelligence, are permitted to say, in some way or another, exactly the thing they mean, they need not mind saying it with such interval or inflection of voice, and such change or inversion of phrase, as may comply with the innocent desire of others for musical delight. An old man, walking up and down at evening on some meadow hillside, whence he can see the roofs and spires of his native city warm in the setting sun, may murmur to himself, and find enough sweet without melodious accompanying, the solemn words of the 48th Psalm: "Go ye round about Zion, tell the towers thereof; mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following." But the veteran returning from war with a company of young knightly riders, entering the city gates in joyful glance of heraldry, and trained prancing

of their horses' feet, might, unoffended, hear them burst into the rhythmic chant of Sidney's verse:

"Compass Syon in her standing:
Tell her towers, mark her forts;
Note with care the stately portes,
Her royal houses bear;
For that age's understanding,
Which shall come when we shall go,—
Glad, of former time, to know
How many, what they were."

Or again, and in yet more grave field of thought—while in moments of unexpected pain, and helplessly felt decline of strength, we may bitterly repeat, and with little desire for musical cadence in our words, the cry of the 90th Psalm: "Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men;" yet in the resigned peace of an old age crowned with the light of days that are not, an old man may hear with thankfulness the voices of the assenting choir proclaim the mercifully irrevocable law, over earth and her children:

"Oh, but man,—by thee created,
As he first of earth arose,—
When thy Word his end hath dated
In equal state, to earth he goes.
Thou sayest,—and saying,—mak'st it so,
'Be no more, oh Adam's heir:'
From whence ye came, dispatch to go
Dust, again,—as dust ye were."

Nevertheless, I should not have thought it necessary to add any other version of the Psalms to the accepted one of the Prayer Book, for use in St. George's schools, had not these paraphrases of Sir Philip's contained many illustrative or explanatory passages, making the sense of the original more clear, while, at the same time, their exquisitely accurate use of the English language renders them, on the whole, the best examples known to me for the early guidance of its faithful students. In the work of all other great masters, the melody of the word is allowed somewhat to influence them in their choice of it; but Sidney never minds spoiling the sound of a verse, if the prettiest word is not also the accuratest. How pleasant the sound of verse was to him, however, the singular variety of arrangements adopted in this Psalter, may enough show, although, I suppose with reference to some particular kind of music to which they were sung, the elements out of which the verses are arranged are in the first instance exceedingly simple. A certain number of unrhymed psalms, of Latin construction, occur towards the close of the book, either by some other writer, or by Sidney in error

* The reader unacquainted with the construction of verse should read the little introduction to English prosody which Mr. Allen will have ready, I hope, not long after this beginning of Psalter is published.

of too vain scholarship. Putting these aside, the remainder are, with one exception, in trochaic or iambic verse: the iambics severely accurate; the trochaic admitting, but always with extreme subtlety of appliance, the introductory short syllable, as the '*In* equal state' of the fourth line in the just-quoted stanza.

The single exception is the 52nd Psalm, which is dactylic, with admitted spondee beginning, and troche always closing the second line:—

"Nŏt wŏrds frŏm—cūrsĕd thĕe,
Būt gūlphs—arĕ poūrĕd:
Gūlphs whĕreĭn—dāilў bĕ
Gōod mēn—dĕvoūrĕd.

Thīnkst thŏu tŏ—bēar ĭt sŏ?
Gōd shăll dĭs—plāce thĕe;
Gōd shăll thĕe—ōvĕrthrŏw,
Crūsh thĕe, dĕ—fāce thĕe."

But this metre can by no art be sustained without more license of artificial accent, or inverted construction, than may be justifiably claimed from the reader's indulgence or attention; and another two verses, giving examples of this unconquerable difficulty, but full of force in themselves, are all that I care to give of this psalm.

"Lĕwd lĭes thў—tōngue cŏntrĭves;
Lōud lĭes—ĭt soūndĕth;
Shārpĕr thăn—shārpĕst knĭves,
Wĭth lĭes—ĭt wōundeth."

The false accent on the 'with' is just pardonable for the sake of its help in the pretty alliteration of the whole verse.

"Lō, lŏ, thĕ—wrētchĕd wĭght,
Who Gōd—dĭsdaĭnĭng,
His mĭschĭef—māde hĭs mĭght,
His guārd,—hĭs gāinĭng."

This stanza, read without any strained accent, is properly a couplet in iambic pentameter, and is only read in dactyls by courtesy. The inversion of the subject in the last two lines is, however, rather a grace than a fault; the accent enables 'His' to stand for 'His own,' and the concentrated meaning makes the entire verse very precious.

All the other psalms given in the following series are, as I have said, iambic or trochaic: but the differences in number of feet between the lines, the number of these in the stanzas, and the alternations of rhyme in the different groups, are so varied, that out of the hundred and twenty paraphrases given in the two volumes, I believe

that, after the text is properly sifted, not one will be found in precisely the same metre as another. And the dainty intricacy of several of these arrangements, and the reasons for the repeating, with little modification, some, rather than others, present questions of so great interest to students of English verse, that I could not resist the temptation of tabulating the structure of them all. The number of feet in the lines is of course naturally indicated by figures: 1, for a line of one metre; 2, for a dimetre;* and so 3, 4, 5, and 6, up to the hexametre; only observe that I call the ordinary trochaic line ending with a long syllable,

"Dust again, as dust ye were,"

a three-metred verse, though it is properly four-metred, for the close of such a line is a full troche in *time*, formed of the monosyllable with a following rest: but it is convenient to express this verse as a trimetre, and to consider as tetrametre only the line with the last short syllable sounded,—"oh, but man, by thee created." On the other hand, an iambic line ending with a superadded short syllable properly does so only by dividing the normal long syllable into two short ones; and permits no extension of the time; therefore it is indicated by a

* My spelling of these names for verses will be found defended in my Elements of Prosody.

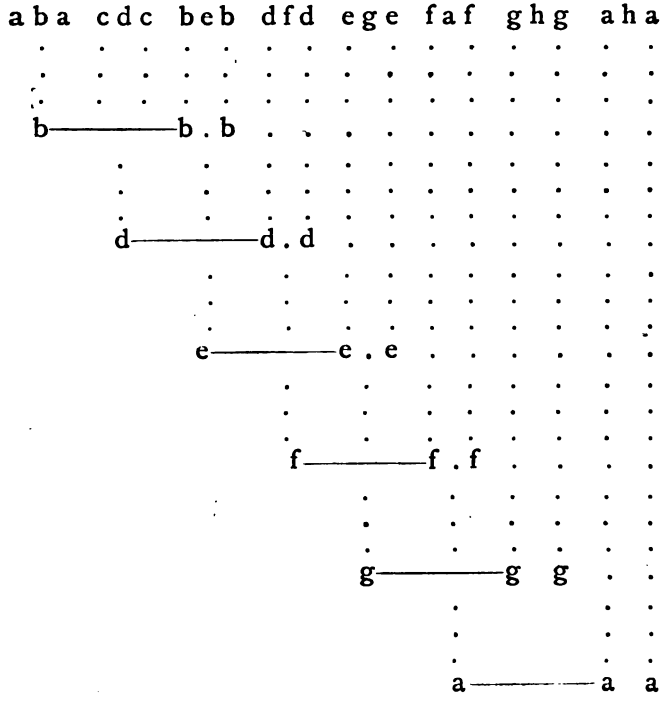
circumflex above the numeral, thus: "the fields with flocks have hid their faces," will be $\tilde{4}$, and "Nor hid from him thy face's fair appearing," $\tilde{5}$.

For the indication of arrangement of rhyme I use letters of the alphabet: the first line of any stanza is always called a; and all lines that rhyme to it, a; also the first different rhyme that occurs is called b, and all that rhyme to it, b; the next c, —and so on.

Thus a couplet, with its lines rhyming, is a a; a quatrain stanza of alternate rhymes, a b a b; Tennyson's beautiful quatrain of the In Memoriam is a b b a, and the ordinary Spenserian stanza, a b a b b c b c c.

With this notation, the Sidney metres, or any others, may be accurately tabulated; and their analysis becomes, to any one really caring for poetry, extremely interesting; but the tabulated forms look so appallingly complex that I shall keep them for the appendix to the second volume, when they may be more easily compared with the text; merely indicating in the present volume the form of rhythm adopted for each psalm. This statement of the rhythm will in general separate the part of the commentary relating to points of general knowledge from that which will consist of verbal criticism; and by collecting and comparing the abbreviated

symbols of each stanza, the reader may begin the study of these metres for himself. The notablest circumstance in all of them is the length of time during which a rhyme remained on the composer's ear, so as to be answered again and again by recurrent symmetries of echo. The 51st Psalm, for instance, is a most interesting group of eight connected triplets ending with the rhyme that began them; and connected by linked triple rhymes, which I write beneath, to show their order:—



Again the 55th is written with only three rhyming words through seventy-two lines,—six stanzas of four triplets, each couple reflected, thus, a b c—c b a, a c b—b c a: the first and sixth stanzas beginning and closing thus with a; the second and fifth with b; and the third and sixth with c. The 100th and 150th are properly sonnets of fourteen lines each; but endless varieties of grouping will be found in the five-lined and six-lined stanzas, of which the greater number of the paraphrases are composed. I know of no other religious work in which so much playful art is blended with so faithful passion. I am indeed a little vexed to find, as I correct the press, that quaint or prosaic expressions which were inoffensive to me in the old spelling, look weaker in modern dress; but, in sum, readers may test the veracity of their emotions by the degree in which these faults can be forgiven. To those who have used the Psalter merely to grace their worship with a sentimental tone, this version will be useless, or irritating. To those who have really known either David's joy, distress, or desires, it will be enlightenment of heart and eyes, as the tasted honey on the stretched-out spear of David's friend.

PSALM I.

BEATUS VIR.

I.

HE blessèd is, who neither loosely treads
The straying steps, as wicked counsel leads;
Nor for bad mates in way of sinners waiteth;
Nor yet himself with idle scorners seateth;
But on God's law his whole delight doth bind,
Which, night and day, he calls to marking mind.

II.

He shall be like a freshly planted tree,
To which sweet springs of water neighbours be;
Whose branches fail not timely fruit to nourish,
Nor withered leaf shall make it fail to flourish:
So all the things whereto that man doth bend,
Shall prosper still, with well succeeding end.

III.

Such blessing shall not wicked wretches see,
But like vile chaff with wind, shall scatter'd be;
For neither shall the men in sin delighted
Consist, when they to highest doom are cited;
Nor yet shall suff'red be a place to take
Where godly men do their assembly make.

IV.

For God doth know, and knowing doth approve,
The trade of them that just proceedings love:
But they that sin in sinful breast do cherish,—
The way they go, shall be the way to perish.

Sidney cannot completely versify this psalm, (on which see the notes in Preface,) because he was not old enough to know its full depth; and feels it, himself, only as if it were an ordinary assertion of what everybody knows: whereas in reality it is a Psalm of Doom, as grand in blessing and malediction as the last song of Moses.

2. "*The straying steps.*" At first the line seems weak, and as if the definite article were redundant.

But the preceding analysis of the moral terms of the Psalter will, I trust, have enabled the reader to see that neither David nor Sidney meant *any* kind of wandering steps; but the definite kinds of error always fallen into by the ungodly.

11. "*Bend.*" See note on line 227 (p. 28).

16. "*Consist.*" Stronger than our English word 'stand,' yet farther from the meaning; which is, "Sinners shall not *rise* in the judgment." The word is the same in the Septuagint as that used elsewhere of the Resurrection.

20. "*Trade.*" Our degraded use of the word makes us vulgarly feel Sidney's harsh; it stands with him for 'giving and taking' in all the spiritual wealth of life—the 'righteous dealing' of other parts of the Psalter. (Compare Isabel, in Measure for Measure, "Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.") Thus in Psalm ciii. he writes,

> "His way, and trade,
> He known to Moses made."

He means also, by the use of it, to direct our thoughts to the following word, 'just.' But the true meaning of the close of this psalm is wider;

the Lord knows, acknowledges, in all things, the aim, no less than the equity, of the 'way' that leads to life—knows not the way that leads to death. "Then shall He answer them, 'I never *knew* you,—depart from me.'"

RHYTHM.—The verses are composed of three couplets: two ten-syllabled; the central one, eleven syllabled. The fourth verse, omitting the last couplet, closes the psalm with two eleven-syllable lines.

In our system of notation, such a stanza, rhymed in couplets, is thus expressed:—

5 5 $\tilde{5}$ $\tilde{5}$ 5 5 ~~ a a. b b. c c.

3, 16. 'Nor' in these lines is 'ne' in my original, while in the fourth and tenth it is 'nor,' there, also I do not know the reason of this difference.

17. "*Suff'red.*" Observe, when 'suffered' is made by Sidney a word of two syllables, it is to be pronounced suf-fred, not suf-ferd.

PSALM II.

QUARE FREMUERUNT GENTES.

WHAT ails this heath'nish rage?
what do the people mean,
To mutter murmurs vain?

Why do these earthly kings
and lords such meetings make,
And counsel jointly take

Against the Lord of lords,
the Lord of ev'rything,
And his anointed King?

Come, let us break their bonds,
say they, and fondly say,
And cast their yokes away.

But he shall them deride
who by the heav'ns is borne,
He shall them laugh to scorn,

And after speak to them
with breath of wrathful fire;
And vex them in his ire,

And say, O kings, yet have
I set my King upòn
My holy hill Syòn ;

And I will (saith this king)
the Lord's decree display,
And say that he did say,

Thou art my Son indeed,
this day begot by me:
Ask, I will give to thee,

The heath'n for thy child's right,
and will thy realm extend
Far as world's farthest end ;

With iron sceptre bruise,
thou shalt, and piece-meal break,
These men like potsherds weak.

Therefore, O kings, be wise ;
O rulèrs, rule your mind,
That knowledge you may find.

Serve God, serve him with fear,
rejoice in him, but so
That joy with trembling go ;

With loving homage kiss
that only Son he hath,
Lest you inflame his wrath ;

Whereof if but a spark
once kindled be, you all
From your way perish shall ;

And then they that in him
their only trust do rest,—
O, they be rightly blest !

The grand massive metre of this paraphrase (which I am vexed to spoil the look of to the eye by breaking the first line) has been obtained here and there by what might seem forced accentuation, but all the words that need such accent may receive it frankly. 'Do,' in line twenty-three, is, however, to be naturally shortened, as in prose speaking, with accent on 'what.'

The other accents are all majestic in their rhythmic place ; even in the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth lines, you may lay it well on the last syllables with pleasant effect.

The exclamatory change in the last line is very passionate and beautiful.

RHYTHM.—Couplet. 6. 3. ~~ a. a.

PSALM III.

DOMINE, QUID MULTIPLICATI.

I.

LORD, how do they increase
That hateful, never cease
To breed my grievous trouble ?
How many ones there be
That all against poor me
Their numerous strength redouble ?

II.

Even multitudes be they
That to my soul do say,
'No help for you remaineth
In God, on whom you build.'
Yet, Lord, thou art my shield ;
In thee my glory reigneth.

III.

The Lord lifts up my head ;
To him my voice I spread ;
From holy hill he heard me :
I laid me down and slept,
While he me safely kept,
And safe from sleep I rear'd me,

IV.

I will not be afraid,
Though legions round be laid,
Which all against me gather:
I say no more but this,
'Up, Lord, now time it is,
Help me, my God, and Father.'

V.

For thou, with cruel blows
On jawbone of my foes,
My causeless wrong hast wroken;
Thou those men's teeth which bite,
Venomed with godless spite,
Hast in their malice broken.

VI.

Salvation doth belong
Unto the Lord most strong;
He it is that defendeth:
And on those blessèd same
Which bear his people's name
His blessing he extendeth.

One of the poorest of all,—very nearly doggrel. I do not in the least believe it Sidney's, and give it only as an example of the inferior manner of the pieces which I have ventured, after the 20th Psalm, to exclude. The fourth stanza is however pretty, and to be remembered among passages, like the last line of the second Psalm, anticipatory of Wordsworth.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. 3 3 $\tilde{3}$ 3 3 $\tilde{3}$ — a. a. b; c. c. b.

PSALM IV.

CUM INVOCAREM.

I.

HEAR me, O hear me when I call,
O God, God of my equity!
Thou set'st me free when I was thrall,
Have mercy therefore still on me,
And hearken how I pray to thee.

II.

O men, whose fathers were but men,
Till when will ye my honour high
Stain with your blasphemies? till when
Such pleasure take in vanity?
And only haunt where lies do lie.

III.

Yet know this too, that God did take,
When he chose me, a godly one;
Such one, I say, that when I make
My crying plaints to him alone,
He will give good ear to my moan.

IV.

O, tremble then with awful will ;
Sin from all rule in you depose,
Talk with your hearts, and yet be still ;
And when your chamber you do close,
Yourselves, yet, to yourselves, disclose.

V.

The sacrifices sacrifie
Of just desires, on justice staid :
Trust in that Lord that cannot lie.
Indeed fully many folk have said,
From whence shall come to us such aid ?

VI.

But, Lord, lift thou upon our sight
The shining clearness of thy face ;
Where I have found more heart's delight
Than they whose store in harvest's space
Of grain and wine fills storing-place.

VII.

So I in peace and peaceful bliss
Will lay me down and take my rest :
For it is thou, Lord, thou it is,
By power of whose own only breast
I dwell, laid up in safest nest.

A very lovely one. The last three stanzas deserve to be learned by heart.

92. It is very wholesome to hear the form "God of my equity" sometimes used instead of "God of my righteousness," showing the vivid meaning of the phrase, "the God from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed."

96. As opposed to the 'sons of God;' another vividly explanatory phrase.

100. I don't know if he means, 'where lies do lie,' as one would say where curses curse, or scourges scourge; or where they lie stagnant, and therefore more poisonous, in lakes of lying. I am inclined to take this latter sense.

101. "*Know this too.*" Short, and grave, for 'I would have you to know.'

108—110. The two 'yets' are essential. Speak in your hearts, yet be silent to the world. Shut yourselves from the world, yet be open to your own hearts.

112. "*On justice staid.*" The desire of what is just, being stayed or restrained within the limits of what can be accomplished by just means.

119. "*Harvest's space.*" The time of harvest:

"When storehouses of corn and wine are filled in one harvest time."

121. "*So I.*" Therefore, in the light of God's face I will lay me down, saying, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for evermore."

RHYTHM.—Cinqfold. 4 ⏑⏑ a. b. a. b. b.

93. "*Thrall.*" Substantive only, I believe, as if he had written, 'When I was slave.'

106. "*Awful.*" Properly used here, of the mind full of awe. Only in vulgar English used of the thing that causes awe. Compare Milton, "And kings sat still with awful eye," meaning themselves struck with awe. Sidney uses it, however, in the common sense also, yet with a difference. See note on line 136.

111. "*Sacrifie.*" I keep the old spelling, the word having at present fallen out of use; though it is the right one, and to be restored to pure English, as we say magnify, glorify, and not magnifice, glorifice.

124. "*Only.*" I have been at much pause as to the spelling of this word, but as I see that if I kept Sidney's more forcible 'onely' our American cousins would pronounce and spell it 'wunly,' I am forced at last to drop the e.

PSALM V.

VERBA MEA AURIBUS.

I.

PONDER the words, O Lord, that I do say,
Consider what I meditate in me:
O, hearken to my voice which calls on thee,
My King, my God, for I to thee will pray.
So shall my voice climb to thine ears betime:
For unto thee I will my prayèr send
With earliest entry of the morning prime,
And will my waiting eyes to thee-ward bend.

II.

For thou art that same God;—far from delight
In that which of foul wickedness doth smell:
No, nor with thee the naughty ones shall dwell,
Nor glorious fools stand in thy awful sight.
Thou hatest all whose works in ill are plac'd,
And shall root out the tongues to lying bent;
For thou, the Lord, in endless hatred hast
The murd'rous man, and so the fraudulent.

III.

But I myself will to thy house address
With passport of thy graces manifold;
And in thy fear, knees of my heart will fold,
Towards the temple of thy holiness.

Thou Lord,—thou Lord,—the saver of thine own,
Guide me; O in thy justice be my guide!
And make thy ways to me more plainly known,
For all I need, that with such foes do bide.

IV.

For in their mouth not one clear word is spent,
Mischief their souls for inmost lining have:
Their throat it is an open swallowing grave,
Whereto their tongue is flatt'ring instrument.
Give them their due unto their guiltiness,
Let their vile thoughts the thinkers' ruin be:
With heapèd weights of their own sins oppress
These most ungrateful rebels unto thee.

V.

So shall all they that trust on thee do bend,
And love the sweet sound of thy name, rejoice.
They ever shall send thee their praising voice;
Since ever thou to them wilt succour send.
Thy work it is, to bless, thou blessedst them;
The just in thee, on thee, and justice, build;
Thy work it is, such men safe in to hem
With kindest care, as with a certain shield.

This version is entirely puzzling to me: halting and cramped in language throughout, while yet one of the noblest for its sincerity,—intense force of thought, though not of words, and utter plainness of thought, where needed; as in the 134th line, where the foulness of sin is symbolized by physical stench, no less frankly than the sweetness of virtue by sweet perfume. ("All thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia," and the like,—and the entire system of the use of frankincense in service or allusion.) Dante uses the metaphor continually; the great talk with Virgil concerning the relations of Fraud to Malice, and of the unnatural guilt of Usury, is while they shelter themselves a little while behind a rock from the blast of the lower Hell, that they may get partly used to the stench of it before facing it.

The last three stanzas are of extreme beauty, in their earnest kind.

136. "*Naughty ones.*" Persons of nought, ciphers, vaut-riens.

137. "*Glorious fools.*" Not merely vain-glorious, but really glorious in the world's notion, whether with money or mistaken praise. If a fool is admired or enriched by the world, it is totally impossible for him to see God,—for the qualities which he finds

are worshipped in himself, are precisely the contrary of God's. The word 'awful' has a most subtle sense in this line; for Sidney does not mean, by standing in the sight of God, merely standing so that *He* sees *us*, (for we always do that,) but standing so that *we* see *Him*.

143. "*Passport of thy graces*," Favours, or mercies. "You will not let in such and such,—the murderer, or the fraudful, and the like; but *me* you will love, and give nice things to, and let come into the house like a pet dog."

Not at all your own general style of address to God, this, my humble friends,—is it?

And yet, mind you read Burns's Holy Willy's prayer, for a comment on the possibility of misusing also David's manner of speech.

147. "*Guide me*," and make Thy ways plain, for everything that I need know,—I—who live with enemies who never speak one clear word, (modern political economists). Their throat is a grave, (for they devour men,) their tongue the flattering bait to it. The 'Angler' fish, by the way, which lies with its head in the mud, and baits its mouth with a little dangling knot at the end of a tongue, growing on

the back of its head, is an exact type of this kind of grave.

155. "*Let their vile thoughts the thinkers' ruin be.*" Amen say I, for one. To your modern Charles Dickens manner of Christian, who would have nobody hanged, of course this psalm must appear a most injurious composition.

163. "*The Just in thee.*" Because there may be just persons who are not in thee. The perfect holding of the idea of Justice or Righteousness, as distinct from Religion, is essential to the understanding of the Psalter.

RHYTHM.—Octave. 5 ⏑ a. b. b. a; c. d. c. d.

131. Prayër is continually used by Sidney as a dissyllable, for convenience in singing. But it spoils the read verse to do so, and is to be held a fault.

146. "*Saver.*" It will be well to restore this word to English, spoken of any person in the direct action of saving; and to keep 'Saviour' for one endowed with the continual function of saving.

152. "*Their throat it is.*" The superfluous 'it'

very seldom occurs, and must be always noted, not merely as a license, but a blemish.

162. The accents are intended, and rightly, on 'thy' and 'them,' but it is an awkward line; and I use the stops in the rest of the stanza to mark division, not pause, in its sentences.

165. "*Certain*,"—trustworthy: but the word should not be retained in this use.

PSALM VI.

DOMINE, NE IN FURORE.

I.

LORD, let not me, a worm, by thee be shent,
While thou art in the heat of thy displeasure;
Nor let thy rage, of my due punishment,
Become the measure.

II.

But mercy, Lord, let mercy thine, descend,
For I am weak, and in my weakness languish:
Lord, help! for ev'n my bones their marrow spend
With cruel anguish.

III.

Nay, ev'n my soul fell troubles do appal.
Alas! how long, my God, wilt thou delay me?
Turn thee, sweet Lord! and from this ugly fall,
My dear God, stay me.

IV.

Mercy,—O mercy,—Lord, for mercy's sake,—
For death doth kill the witness of thy glory,
Can, of thy praise, the tongues entombed make
A heav'nly story?

V.

Lo, I am tir'd! while still I sigh and groan:
My moistened bed proofs of my sorrow showeth:
My bed (while I with black night mourn alone)
With my tears floweth.

VI.

Woe, like a moth, my face's beauty eats,
And age, pull'd on with pains, all freshness fretteth;
The while a swarm of foes with vexing feats
My life besetteth.

VII.

Get hence, you evil, who in my ill rejoice,
In all whose works vainness is ever reigning,
For God hath heard the weeping, sobbing voice
Of my complaining.

VIII.

The Lord my suit did hear, and gently hear;
They shall be sham'd and vex'd that breed my crying,
And turn their backs, and straight on backs appear
Their shameful flying.

This and the following are again admitted into our series only as examples of the feeblest work attributed to Sidney. I do not believe either to be his, but they are still sincere, as all the others.

RHYTHM.—Quatrain. 5 5̃ 5 2̃ ~ a b a b.

166. "*Shent.*" See note on line 654.

188. "*Feats.*" It is vulgar English to use this word in the sense of achievements, or wonderful performances. It is merely a Latin equivalent to the Saxon 'deeds,' and is, to the person, what fact is to the thing. Thus whether you throw down the Vendôme column, or set it up, when down, it is an accomplished 'fact' that it is down; when up, an accomplished 'fact,' that it is up. In either case, the performance is a 'feat' of the Parisians.

191. "*Evil.*" Pronounced as one syllable, (see lines 334, 428, etc.,) and in the sense to be regarded as such, "Get hence, you ill, who in my ill rejoice."

197. "*And straight on backs.*" Entirely crude and ill-expressed. He means, all men shall see their backs, and know that they fly; they shall not be able to skulk away unobserved

PSALM VII.

DOMINE, DEUS MEUS.

I.

O LORD, my God, thou art my trustful stay;
O, save me from this persecution's shower;
Deliver me in my endanger'd way.

II.

Lest lion-like he do my soul devour,
And cruelly in many pieces tear,
While I am void of any helping power.

III.

O Lord, my God,—if I did not forbear
Ever from deed of any such desert,—
If aught my hands of wickedness do bear,—

IV.

If I have been unkind for friendly part,—
Nay, if I wrought not for *his* freedom's sake,
Who causeless now yields me a hateful heart,—

V.

Then, let my foe chase me; and chasing take:
Then, let his foot upon my neck be set:
Then, in the dust let him my honour rake.

VI.

Arise, O Lord, in fiercer wrath afret
Against such rage of foes: awake for me
To that high doom which I by thee must get.

VII.

So shall all men with lauds environ thee;
Therefore, O Lord, lift up thy throne on high,
That ev'ry folk thy wond'rous acts may see.

VIII.

Thou, Lord, thy people shalt in judgment try;—
Then Lord, my Lord, give sentence on my side,
After my clearness, and my equity.

IX.

O, let their wickedness no longer bide
From coming to the well-deservèd end;
But still be thou to just men justest guide.

X.

Thou righteous proofs to hearts and reins dost send:
And all my help from none but thee is sent,
Who dost thy saving health to true men bend.

XI.

Thou righteous art,—thou strong,—thou patient:
And each day art provoked thine ire to show:
And if this man will not learn to repent,

XII.

For him thou whet'st thy sword and bend'st thy bow,
And hast thy deadly arms in order brought,
And ready art to let thine arrows go.

XIII.

Lo, he that first conceived a wretched thought,
And great with child of mischief travail'd long,
Now brought a-bed, hath brought nought forth but nought.

XIV.

A pit was digg'd by this man, vainly strong;
But in the pit he, ruined, first did fall,—
Which fall he made, to do his neighbour wrong.

XV.

He against me doth throw; but down it shall
Upon his pate, his pain, employed thus,
And his own ill his own head shall appal.

XVI.

I will give thanks unto the Lord of us
According to his heav'nly equity,
And will to highest name yield praises high.

I have altered one line in this psalm as I best could, the old one being too quaint to be borne with; but I won't say which it is. In spite of its harshness, I retain the paraphrase, because the original psalm is so important. It is headed, "Concerning the words of Cush the Benjamite;" and a theory of the relations of this man to David, on the supposition that he is named only in this place, may be found among the commentators—of as much value as a dirty cobweb over the page. Either we know *nothing* at present of the circumstances under which the psalm was written; or else the word 'Cush' must have got into the heading, instead of 'Shimei,' to whom the psalm is accurately applicable throughout, more especially the part of it threatening or foretelling his death; (lines 229, 237, 239). And since the hate of Shimei arose from his relation to the house of Saul, the third and fourth verses of the psalm, (Sidney's third and fourth stanzas,) have especial force, if read in connexion with the ninth chapter of II. Samuel.

215. An obscure line,—"the judgment that thou hast commanded" feebly rendered by "which I by thee must get." David asks for God's decision, not as between himself and worse men; but between

himself as commanded to reign, and those not so commanded.

243. "*Lord of us.*" '*Our*' Lord, not the Lord of the wicked. Sidney possibly took up the phrase in looking to the first verse of the next psalm.

RHYTHM.—Triplet. 5 ; terza rima, ending with a couplet rhyme.

221. "*Clearness.*" This word is very valuable as an expression of moral quality, and to be restored to English in that sense.

227. "*Bend.*" Sidney uses it, I think, always with the full complex Latin sense of 'pandus': the idea of expansion being involved in that of curvature, as of the bow in the cloud. Compare lines 11, 132, 138, 157, 307, 410.

239. "*Fall.*" Substantive. Short for pit-fall.

241. Pain ; in the sense of labour ; the singular of 'pains' taken, not suffered. His labour, so employed, shall strike himself:—his evil, or evil thoughts, shall appal (make pale) himself.

PSALM VIII.

DOMINE, DOMINUS NOSTER.

I.

O LORD that rul'st our mortal line,
How through the world thy name doth shine!
Thou hast of thine unmatchèd glory
Upon the heav'ns engrav'n the story.

II.

From sucklings hath thy honour sprung,
Thy force hath flow'd from babies' tongue,
Whereby thou stop'st thine en'mies prating,
Bent to revenge and over-hating.

III.

When I upon the heav'ns do look,
Which all from thee their essence took;
When moon and stars my thoughts beholdeth,
Whose life no life but of thee holdeth;

IV.

Then think I: 'Ah, what is this man,
Whom that great God remember can?
And what the race, of him descended,
It should be aught of God attended?'

V.

For though in less than angels' state
Thou planted hast this earthly mate,
Yet thou hast made ev'n *him* an owner
Of glorious crown, and crowning honour.

VI.

Thou placest him upon all lands
To rule the works of thine own hands:
And so thou hast all things ordainèd,
That ev'n his feet have on them reignèd.

VII.

Thou under his dominion plac't
Both sheep and oxen wholly hast;
And all the beasts, for ever breeding,
Which in the fertile fields be feeding.

VIII.

The bird, free burgess of the air;
The fish, of sea the native heir;
And what things else of water traceth
The unworn paths, his rule embraceth.
O Lord, that rul'st our mortal line,
How through the world thy name doth shine!

This is one of the sweet musical ones for joyful and tender singing: with feeble makeshifts, however, to get the double closing syllable. It much lowers and weakens the noble original; but here and there, as usual, touches the thoughts more subtly, and carries them farther.

257. "*Whose life.*" Thus, for instance, the thought of the life of God being the continual source, to the stars, of motion and light, is deeper than the mere 'which thou hast ordained' of the original.

259. "*Attended.*" Thought of, but with further sense of being saved. 'That thou *visitest* him.'

263. "*Earthly mate.*" Equal of the earth, and made of it.

267—269. Even his *feet* have reigned over the works of Thy *hands.* God makes the worm, and moth, and the wild beast; and *we* tread on them, or subdue. Compare Blake, of the tiger:

> "And what shoulder, and what art,
> Could twist the sinews of thy heart."

277. *The unworn paths;*—beautiful, of the waters. The whole stanza is lovely.

RHYTHM.—Quatrain. 4 4 4̃ 4̃ ; ⏑⏑ a a b b, with added terminal couplet a a.

252. "*Stop'st,—en'mies.*" Quite unjustifiable and harsh contractions; so also 'plac't,' for placed, 270; but it is necessary to distinguish the words which have this contraction properly, without apostrophies, as 'scrapt' (like rapt), 336.

276. "*Things else.*" This use of 'else' must be retained. It means, not merely what other things, but what things of different nature.

PSALM IX.

CONFITEBOR TIBI.

I.

WITH all my heart, O Lord, I will praise thee,
My speeches all thy marvels shall discry;
In thee my joys and comforts ever be,
Yea, ev'n my songs thy name shall magnify,
O Lord most high.

II.

Because my foes to fly are now constrain'd,
And they are fall'n, nay, perish'd at thy sight;
For thou my cause, my right,—thou,—hast maintain'd,
Setting thyself in throne which shinèd bright,
Of judging right.

III.

The Gentiles thou rebukèd sorely hast,
And wicked folks from thee to wreck do wend;
And their renown, which seem'd so like to last,
Thou dost put out, and quite consuming send
To endless end.

IV.

O bragging foe, where is the endless waste
Of conquer'd states, whereby such fame you got?
What! doth their memory no longer last?
Both ruins, ruiners, and ruined plot
Be quite forgot.

V.

But God shall sit in his eternal chair
Which he prepared to give his judgments high;
Thither the world for justice shall repair:
Thence he to all his judgments shall apply
Perpetually.

VI.

Thou also, Lord, the oppressèd wilt defend,
That they to thee in troublous time may flee:
They that know thee, on thee their trust will bend,
For thou, Lord, found by them wilt ever be
That seek to thee.

VII.

O, praise the Lord, this Syon-dweller good;
Show forth his acts,—and this, as act most high,—
That he enquiring, doth require just blood,
Which he forgetteth not; nor letteth die
The afflicted cry.

VIII.

'Have mercy, mercy, Lord,' I once did say;
'Ponder the pains which on me loaden be
By them whose minds on hateful thoughts do stray:
Thou, Lord, that from death-gates hast lifted me,
I call to thee.

IX.

That I within the ports most beautiful
Of Syon's daughter may sound forth thy praise:
That I, ev'n I, of heav'nly comfort full,
May only joy in all thy saving ways
Throughout my days.'

X.

No sooner said, but lo, mine enemies sink
Down in the pit which they themselves had wrought;
And in that net which they well-hidden think,
Is their own foot, led by their own ill thought,
Most surely caught.

XI.

For then the Lord in judgment shows to reign,
When godless men be snared in their own snares,
When wicked souls be turned to hellish pain,
And that forgetful sort which never cares
What God prepares.

XII.

But, on the other side, the poor in spright
Shall not be scrapt from out the heav'nly score:
Nor meek abiding of the patient wight
Yet perish shall, (although his pain be sore,)
For evermore.

XIII.

Up, Lord, and judge the Gentiles in thy right,
And let not man have upper hand of thee:
With terrors great, O Lord, do thou them fright;
That by sharp proofs the heath'n themselves may see
But men to be.

The 'argument' prefixed to this psalm in our common English Bible is an exquisite instance of the gift of learned divines for threshing all the grain well away out of a piece of scripture, and presenting their hearers with the head of chaff, trimmed up in fine spicular form, thus :—

"1. David praiseth God for executing of judgment. 11. He inciteth others to praise Him. 13. He prayeth that he may have cause to praise Him."

Now, it is true that this psalm praises God for executing judgment, but the entire meaning and power of it, to us, depends upon our knowing *whom* the judgment is executed upon, and for what. Who are tried according to this way?—who weighed?—who found wanting? For (ver. 16) "the Lord is *known* by the judgment which he executeth." Now this judgment is "inquisition for blood," (ver. 12); and it is a judgment to be "ministered to the people," (ver. 8). And it consists in two things;—A, that the Lord is a refuge for the oppressed, (ver. 9), and forgets not the cry of the humble, (ver. 12), nor of the needy, (ver. 18); but, B, rebukes the *heathen*, (ver. 5),—sinks them, (ver. 15),—snares them in their own work, (ver. 16),—and turns them into hell, (ver. 17, compare line 415)—a very considerable and definite piece of judgment to thank the Lord for!

And farther note, the psalm is not only beaten dry by the preface, in our Bible, but corrupted in translation. By cunningly slipping in the word 'nations,' twice over, instead of 'heathen,' the translators turn it all into an unintelligible mess. The word is one and the same throughout. Write 'heathen' for 'nations' in verses 17 and 20 of the common version, and see how the whole becomes clear in the sacred assertion—detested alike by divines proud of their divinity, and capitalists

proud of their capital, that the Lord will come to judge, not between Protestants and Catholics —not between Christians and Jews—not between white Americans and black ones; but between the oppressor and the oppressed, between the cruel rich and crushed poor; and between those who love and expect God, and those who hate and forget Him. So He shall judge—not Europe and Africa—not Christendom and Saracendom—but the World, in Righteousness. (ver. 8.)

283. "*Ev'n my songs.*" An Elizabethan refinement. Sidney looked upon singing as a graceful accomplishment, not, as David held it, a solemn duty. Sidney thinks of his joys and comforts as great; of his songs as little; but even *they* shall praise God.

288, 289. "*Throne—judging right,*" for 'throne of judgment.' Compare lines 300, 301.

292—298. There is no stronger expression in English of the destruction and oblivion of the wicked. It should be learned by heart.

303. "*His judgments shall apply*"—'fit accurately,' with precise answering and infolding of part to part, as a surgeon the lancet-point, or dressing, to a wound.

310. "*Syon-dweller.*" Quaint; but stronger than 'that dwelleth in Zion;' as 'desert-dweller,' 'in-dweller,' and the like.

315. '*I once did say.*" The current of thought in the eighth and ninth stanzas is—"Once, at the gates of death, I called to thee, and thou liftedst me up from them; now, at the gates of Zion, I call again to thee—that I, full of comfort, may show forth thy praise for ever." "No sooner said," etc., then, is in direct sequel.

RHYTHM.—Cinqfold. 5 5 5 5 2 ~ a b a b b.

281. "*Discry.*" Give warning of, as a watchman from a tower, of things seen far away. Old French *descrier.*

The modern 'descry,' to see at a distance, is a derivative meaning. It is not possible to retain both. I believe Sidney's meaning is the one which it will be found eventually best to keep.

To discern (to see one thing separately from another) belongs, of course, to an entirely different group of words.

335. "*Spright.*" I am not sure how far Sidney persists in this old form. The modern 'spirit' should, I think, be retained for the greater spiritual

powers, and 'spright' for the soul of man only, spoken of as distinct from the body. We should keep Imogen's grand old verb—I am 'sprighted,' haunted or plagued, with a fool; and the word will then serve us in cases where the bodies of men are without the spirit of God, but are moved by their own ghosts or sprights only. Compare lines 389, 480.

PSALM X.

UT QUID, DOMINE.

I.

WHY standest thou so far,
O God, our only star,
In time most fit for thee
To help who vexèd be!
For lo, with pride, the wicked man
Still plagues the poor the most he can.
O, let proud him be throughly caught
In craft of his own crafty thought.

II.

For he himself doth praise
When he his lust doth ease:
Extolling rav'nous gain,
But doth God's self disdain:
Nay, so proud is his puff'd thought,
That after God he never sought;
But rather much he fancies this,
The name of God a fable is.

III.

For while his ways do prove,
On them he sets his love;
Thy judgments are too high,
He can them not espy.

Therefore he doth defy all those
That dare themselves to him oppose ;
And sayeth, in his bragging heart,
'This gotten bliss shall never part.'

IV.

Nor he removèd be,
Nor danger ever see :
Yet from his mouth doth spring
Cursing and cozening ;
Under his tongue do harbour'd lie
Both mischief and iniquity.
For proof, oft lain in wait he is,
In secret by-way villages.

V.

In such a place unknown
To slay the hurtless one ;
With winking eyes, ay bent
Against the innocent,
Like lurking lion in his den,
He waits to spoil the simple men :
Whom to their loss he still doth get,
When once he draws his wily net.

VI.

O, with how simple look
He oft lays out his hook !

And with how humble shows
To trap poor souls he goes!
Thus freely saith he in his spright,
'God sleeps, or hath forgotten quite;
His far-off sight now hoodwink is,
He leisure wants to mark all this.'

VII.

Then rise, and come abroad,
O Lord, our only God;
Lift up thy heav'nly hand,
And by the sely stand.
Why should the evil, so evil, despise
The pow'r of thy through-seeing eyes?
And why should he in heart so hard
Say, Thou dost not thine own regard

VIII.

But nak'd, before thine eyes
All wrong and mischief lies:
For of them in thy hands
The balance ev'nly stands:
But who aright poor-minded be,
Commit their cause,—themselves,—to thee,
The succour of the succourless,
The father of the fatherless.

IX.

Break thou the wicked arm,
Whose fury bends to harm:
Search them, and wicked he
Will straightway nothing be.
O Lord, we shall thy title sing,
Ever and ever, to be King,
Who hast the heath'ny folk destroy'd
From out thy land by them annoy'd.

X.

Thou op'nest heav'nly door
To prayèrs of the poor;
Thou first prepar'd their mind,
Then ear to them inclin'd;
O, be thou still the orphan's aid,
That poor from ruin may be staid:
Lest we should ever fear the lust
Of earthly man, a lord of dust.

This Psalm is in the Hebrew, one with the ninth. It is the fuller explanation and enforcing of the ninth; and if, therefore, we learn to know our ninth psalm rightly, for ever and a day, we shall find

the tenth has become vivid and immortal together with it. And these two psalms, containing in their unison, quite clear, unmistakable, and noble Word of God,—of inexpressible value to all nations, speaking that 'desire of all nations' which is the name of Christ, are, by all wolves in sheep's clothing, utterly abhorred, and trodden under their paws.

For, (verse 3,) "the wicked *boasteth* of his heart's desire, and *blesseth* the covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth," and "thy judgments,"—(those for which these Psalms are written to praise him)—"are far above out of his sight" (verse 5).

The 'argument' of this Psalm, in our common Bible, is—exactly like the former one,—absolute husk, fit only for swine to eat. But the common translation is good and grand—(could not well be otherwise, the main force of the original words being by no stupidity mistakable, and by no subterfuge disguisable)—and should be learned by heart by all honest and religious Englishmen.

Sidney's verses are thin and weak in comparison, but are full of bright flashes of literal and well-applied wit; and, as it were, carve and polish the edges of the text, axe-hewn in the Hebrew.

347. "*In time most fit.*" Obscure, for 'just at the time we most wanted.' (In the Greek, εὐκαιρια.)

351. "*O let proud* him." A pretty instance of the utility of true verse in compelling an accent where it makes a sentence stronger.

353. "*He himself doth praise.*" The quantity of worship pronounced by 'business men' on themselves, in the literature of this last half-century, will be found in future study of the human race the most curious and voluminous gospel of its 'puffed' hollowness of pride, yet preached in the plague-struck world.

359. 'Rather much,' for 'much rather.' Choosing resolutely and delightedly to think God a fable.

419, 420. A pretty little piece of Protestant theology.

RHYTHM.—Octave. 3 3 3 3 4 4 4 4.

a. b. a. b. c. c. d. d.

361. "*Prove.*" 'Stand trial,' as armour of proof. Johnson gives 'succeed' for his third meaning, quoting Bacon,—"if the experiment proved not." The meaning is, while his own ways succeed he sets his love on them.

375. I am not sure of the sense of 'proof' in this place. 'Lain in wait,' for 'lying in wait' needs examination.

391. I believe Sidney wrote only 'hoodwink,' not 'winked,' though I do not find any instance given of this form in Johnson.

396. "*Sely.*" Simple, in good sense.

415. Heath'ny, for heathenish.

419. I believe it will be well to accept Sir Sidney's second persons as grammatical, and recover use of them, instead of 'preparedst,' etc.

422. I believe for ravin, devouring, not ruin, which is spelt 'ruyne' in 488.

PSALM XI.

IN DOMINO CONFIDO.

I.

SINCE I do trust Jehovah still,
Your fearful words why do you spill?
That like a bird to some strong hill
I now should fall a-flying.

II.

Behold the evil have bent their bow,
And set their arrows in a row,
To give unwares a mortal blow
To hearts that hate all lying.

III.

But that in building they begun,
With ground-plot's fall shall be undone:
For what, alas, have just men done?
In them no cause is growing.

IV.

God in his holy temple is:
The throne of heav'n is only his:
Nought his all-seeing eye can miss,
His eyelids peise our going.

V.

The Lord doth search the just man's reins,
But hates, abhors, the wicked brains ;
On them storms, brimstone, coals, he rains :
That is their share assigned.

VI.

But so of happy other side
His lovely face on them doth bide,
In race of life their feet to guide
Who be to God inclined.

Out of the millions of times in the year, during which the average kind of persons set up throughout England and Scotland to preach in pulpits on Sundays take the word of God's 'righteousness' in vain, I wonder how often it occurs to any of them to preach from the third verse of this psalm, notable (if it were a verse of the Bible at all) beyond most: "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"

One would have thought that question might have struck one of them, if God—or what they call the Word of God—really asked it?—reading

it out, too, and piping it out, in their cathedrals, once a month, all over the land!

But the verse never was in the Bible—the fact being that whatever foundations are destroyed, their destruction does not matter to the righteous. They can always do—just what they did before.

It will enable the reader to understand a great many more things than Sir Philip Sidney's paraphrase, though that is the thing at present in question, if I first write the Psalm into plain English, as it stands in the Septuagint and Vulgate.

"I have believed in the Lord; how will ye say to my soul, Get thee out of thy house to the mountains, like a sparrow. For, behold, the sinners have bent bow, they have made ready arrows in quiver that they may shoot in black ambush at the straight in heart. For what *thou* hast established, *they* have taken away. But what has the just man done? The Lord is in his holy temple, the throne of the Lord is in heaven.

"His eyes are intent on the poor man. His eyelids search out the sons of men.

"The Lord searches out the just man, and the impious; and the man who loves injustice hates his own soul. He will rain snares upon sinners, fire, and sulphur, and wind of hurricane shall be the portion of their cup. For the Lord is just, and

loves deed of justice. His face beholds straightforwardness."

The reader will have now a clear idea of the substance of this psalm, as Sidney endeavoured to render it.

He has been in an especially gay and lyrical humour when he did this one; and is rather careless of his phrases, for once: so only that they will fit the bright notes: 'fall a-flying,' instead of 'fly,' is a little too frank a makeshift of this kind, except only in that it means, not only to fly on one alarm; but to get into a flying or fluttering habit of soul, instead of a quiet one.

426. "*Why do you spill?*" A little for the sake of rhyme, but with the under-sense that frightened people drop, or spill, their words, as a trembling person shakes anything out of a glass.

434. "*With ground-plot's fall.*" I believe, 'by the fall of the ground-plot, or foundation-story;' but I have changed the punctuation of my original to get this sense.

In any case, it is not the sense of the Greek or Vulgate: the second clause of the verse being right, I don't know whence Sidney took the first.

440. "*Peise*"—weigh; 'peser,' French. "Used in

this sense still in Hampshire."—(Johnson). 'Poise' is a more altered form, yet a better word, giving more sense of weight.

445. "*So.*" As *their* share assigned. The opposition of the tumbling and violent verse of the fifth stanza to the dainty quietness of the sixth, is a perfect piece of Elizabethan word-art and music.

But the true psalm is far grander. There are no 'coals' in it, but pure fire; and the storm awaked is not the healthy and vital storm, ordained to cool and purify the summer air, but the hurricane of total destruction. The rain of fire and sulphur, with nitre, on modern Christendom has been more deadly than that on Gomorrah, because God in His anger has given the criminals a disposition to enjoy it; and to think it comes down upon them "as showers that water the earth."

RHYTHM.—Doubled quatrain.

4 4 4 $\tilde{3}$ ~~ a a a b c c c b.

PSALM XII.

SALVUM ME FAC.

I.

LORD, help, it is high time for me to call :
No men are left that charity doth love :
Nay, ev'n the race of good men are decay'd.

II.

Of things vain with vain mates they babble all ;
Their abject lips no breath but flatt'ry move,
Sent from false heart, on double meaning staid.

III.

But thou, O Lord, give them a thorough fall ;
Those lying lips from cozening head remove,
In falsehood wrapt, but in their pride displaid.

IV.

'Our tongues,' say they, 'beyond them all shall go :
We both have pow'r, and will, our tales to tell,
For what lord rules our brave embolden breast?'

V.

'Ah! now even for their sakes, that taste of woe,
Whom troubles toss, whose nature's need doth quell ;
Ev'n for the sighs,—true sighs of man distrest,—

VI.

I will get up,' saith God, 'and my help show
Against all them that against him do swell:
Maugre his foes, I will him set at rest.'

VII.

These are God's words, God's words are ever pure,
—Pure,—purer than the silver throughly tried,
When fire sev'n times hath spent his earthy parts.

VIII.

Then thou, O Lord, shalt keep the good still sure:
By thee preserv'd, in thee they shall abide:
Yea, in no age thy bliss from them departs.

IX.

Thou see'st each side the walking doth endure
Of these bad folks, more lifted up with pride,
Which, if it last, woe to all simple hearts.

This Psalm is quite one of the grandest in the whole series of translations,—every word vital, and entirely true to its original. It might rather, one would think, have been written for our days than for David's or Elizabeth's. But in reality Judah

and England were already showing the first of their decay in those times of their chief eminence: and both their singers felt the breaking of the law of Truth with the same bitterness.

450. "*That charity doth love.*" For, 'whom' charity doth love. A most important line. Foolish people think that charity *loves* all things, and all men. She hopes, believes, and bears, all things. But *loves* only—Good; and those who do it; or would, if they knew how.

451. 'Not only good men are gone, but the breed and stock of them, so that none can be *born* now.' A woful state for a nation to be in!

453. The lips move the breath, observe,—not the breath the lips.

454. "*On double meaning staid.*" Having confidence in their own under-meaning: What I *say* is of no consequence; I will *do* quite otherwise. Fair words cost nothing. 'I go, sir.'

457. Open enough in their insolence, though secret enough in their falsehood.

Compare line 151.

458. Compare I. Thessalonians iv. 6: "That

no man go beyond or defraud his brother in any matter."

459, 460. "*Our tales to tell.*" "*What lord rules?*" Modern political economy and liberty.

462. "*Need*"—want. The quelling of human strength for want of food—of human nature for want of love.

465. Against *him* ('the man distrest').

467, 468. "*Pure: pure, purer.*" Three times, seven times, tried in the fire.

469. "*Spent*"—burnt away.

475. "*Which, if it last.*" It has well lasted to our day, and brought worse than woe on all simple hearts. "Thou, God, seest."

PSALM XIII.

USQUE QUO, DOMINE.

I.

How long, O Lord, shall I forgotten be?
What? ever?
How long wilt thou thy hidden face from me
Dissever?

II.

How long shall I consult with careful spright
In anguish?
How long shall I with foes triumphant might
Thus languish?

III.

Behold me, Lord; let to thy hearing creep
My crying;
Nay, give me eyes and light, lest that I sleep
In dying:

IV.

Lest my foe brag, that in my ruyne he
Prevailed;
And at my fall they joy, that, troublous, me
Assailed.

V.

' No! no! I trust on thee, and joy in thy
Great pity:
Still therefore of thy graces shall be my
Song's ditty.

Sidney could not paraphrase this Psalm, not having the least sense himself of ever having been forgotten by God,—neither had he been. David, on the contrary, often and often,—till at last he was fain to ask if 'for ever.'

RHYTHM.—Quatrain. 5 ĩ 5 ĩ. a b a b.

We can scarcely judge of the rhythm of the psalm, unless we had the music meant for it; but at all events it is to be read as essentially consisting of long lines, in which the rhyme of the tenth syllables need never be dwelt on. Else the 'thy' and 'my' of the last verse would be unpardonable.

"*Ditty*" observe, properly, is the saying or contents of a song, as distinguished from its melody.

PSALM XIV.

DIXIT INSIPIENS.

I.

THE foolish man, by flesh and fancy led,
His guilty heart with this fond thought hath fed:
There is no God that reigneth.

II.

And so thereafter he and all his mates
Do works, which earth corrupt, and Heaven hates:
Not one that good remaineth.

III.

Even God himself sent down his piercing eye,
If of this clayey race he could espy
One, that his wisdom learneth.

IV.

And lo, he finds that all a-straying went:
All plung'd in stinking filth, not one well bent,
Not one that God discerneth.

V.

O madness of these folks, thus loosely led!
These cannibals, who, as if they were bread,
God's people do devour.

VI.

Nor ever call on God ; but they shall quake
More than they now do brag, when he shall take
The just unto his power.

VII.

Indeed the poor, oppress by you, you mock :
Their counsels are your common jesting stock :
But God is their recomfort.

VIII.

Ah, when from Syon shall the saver come,
That Jacob, freed by thee, may glad become,
And Israel full of comfort ?

The great fourteenth and fifteenth psalms are always to be read and remembered together, as defining and describing the opposed lives of the Heathen, and the Godly,—unrighteous and righteous, —or children of men, and children of God.

Both are at first spoken of as represented by one person, but the children of men presently as a multitude ; the child of God, as alone.

For strait is the gate, and narrow the way, that

leads to life; and the command to each of the servants of God must always be—'Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil.'

The perversion of the fourteenth psalm into an accusation of the human race, has been one of the chief means by which the workers of iniquity, undistinguished from the righteous, have been enabled to persist at their ease in eating up the people of God as they eat bread.

496. "*Flesh and fancy.*" The lust of the flesh, and waywardness of imagination. Compare line 587.

500. Which corrupt earth, and are hated in heaven; while good works pacify the earth, and glorify Heaven: and more than Heaven,—Him who sits on the throne of it.

509. "*Cannibals*"—quite literal, eating the flesh of men, in their labour. See notes on Usury in 'Fors Clavigera' for August, 1876.

515. "*Their counsels are your jest.*" The original is stronger: 'Ye have shamed the counsels, not merely mocked at them, but even caused them to fail, or seem to fail, by your tyranny.'

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. 5 5 $\tilde{3}$ 5 5 $\tilde{3}$ ⏑⏑ a a b c c b.

510. "*Devour.*" In the original devowèr, pronounced as a dissyllable, to rhyme with powèr, a gross license, which I refuse, though to the breaking the law of the metre.

516. "*Recomfort.*" 'Comfort us *again*, because of the years wherein thou hast afflicted us.' But the word is scarcely needed in present English. Recomfort rhyming to comfort, we must put up with. But compare at once the beautiful version of the repeated psalm, the fifty-third (p. 106). The two together show in a most interesting manner how various the treatment of fine paraphrase may be, with retention of equal accuracy.

PSALM XV.

DOMINE, QUIS HABITABIT.

IN tabernacle thine, O Lord, who shall remain?
Lord, of thy holy hill who shall the rest obtain?
Ev'n he that leads a life of uncorrupted train,
Whose deeds of righteous heart,
whose hearty words be plain:
Who with deceitful tongue hath never us'd to fain;
Nor neighbour hurts by deed,
nor doth with slander stain:
Whose eyes a person vile doth hold in vile disdain,
But doth, with honour great, the godly entertain:
Who oath and promise given doth faithfully maintain,
Although some worldly loss thereby he may sustain;
From biting usury who ever doth refrain:
Who sells not guiltless cause for filthy love of gain,
Who thus proceeds for aye,
in sacred mount shall reign.

This psalm is mainly David's practical explanation of the details of the second (great) commandment of the duty of love towards one's neighbour. It falls into ten heads, founded on the

ninth and tenth commandment of the old Decalogue, thus:—

1. "Whose deeds are of righteous heart." That we work true work for our neighbour.
2. "Whose hearty words be plain." That we speak from our heart, and intelligibly in all our teachings to our neighbour. Not making him learn church-catechism instead of his own business; and being sure that he understands what catechism he does learn.
3. "Who with deceitful tongue." That we tell our neighbour no lies.
4. Nor hurt him by deed.
5. Nor by report.
6. That, dividing the truly base from the truly honourable, we duly scorn the vile. Compare the second verse of Psalm xvi.
7. That we duly honour the honourable.
8. That we remain true to our promise, and change not, though the promise turn out as sore to keep as Jephthah's.
9. That we take no usury.
10. That we take no reward against the innocent, to pervert judgment.

"I myself have been without a loaf o' bread to set before my little ones, dismissed at

a moment's notice, and with no redress. *The magistrates won't convict the masters;* we have tried it again and again."—(Miss Thackeray's Jack and the Bean-stalk.)

Sidney thus gives the full decalogue of the psalm in ten lines, the meaning and value of which, whoever strives to live nobly, will, every day, more and more discern. I wish the tenth line (529) had been omitted; though it is not put in merely to fill the series, but to complete the idea of swearing "to his own heart." But it was unworthy of Sydney to think of 'worldly loss' as of the only penalty of rash promise. Nevertheless, the whole is too precious a piece of work to be touched, even in its fault; and should be learned by heart as it stands.

RHYTHM.—Continuous. 6; and a, throughout.

PSALM XVI.

CONSERVA ME.

I.

SAVE me, Lord; for why, thou art
All the hope of all my heart.
Witness thou, my soul, with me,
That to God, my God, I say;
Thou, my Lord, thou art my stay,
Though my works reach not to thee.

II.

This is all the best I prove:
Good, and godly men, I love:
And foresee their wretched pain
Who to other gods do run:
Their blood off'rings I do shun;
Nay, to name their names disdain.

III.

God my only portion is,
And of my child's part the bliss:
He then shall maintain my lot.
Say then, is not my lot found
In a goodly pleasant ground?
Have not I fair partage got?

IV.

Ever, Lord, I will bless thee,
Who dost ever counsel me,
  Ev'n when Night with his black wing
Sleepy darkness doth o'ercast,
In my inward veins I taste,
  Of my faults, and chastening.

V.

My eyes still my God reguard,
And he my right hand doth guard;
  So can I not be opprest,
So my heart is fully glad,
So in joy my glory clad;
  Yea, my flesh in hope shall rest.

VI.

For I know the deadly grave
On my soul no pow'r shall have,
  For I know thou wilt defend
Even the body of thine own
Dear-beloved holy one
  From a foul corrupting end.

VII.

Thou life's path wilt make me know,
In whose view doth plenty grow,

All delights that souls can crave;
And whose bodies placèd stand
On thy blessed-making hand,
They all joys, like endless, have.

I greatly delight in this paraphrase myself, and am quite willing, once caught in the dancing measure of it, to let Sidney put the forced accent on 'will' in the fourth, and 'my' in the fifth verse. But it is not exemplary in workmanship.

539. "*This is all the best.*" He can at least already see the difference between right and wrong; at last he is sure he will be taken out of all fellowship with wrong. 'Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell.'

546. "*Child's part;*" the inheritance of good which he has, for his share as a son.

561. "*So in my joy my glory clad.*" I don't know what authority there is for our English reading, which Sidney here strangely follows. In the Septuagint and Vulgate it is 'my tongue rejoiceth;' and the entire meaning is—My heart is glad, my

tongue rejoices, and my flesh shall rest, through all troubles of this world, in hope.

565, 566. A noble assertion of faith in the resurrection of the body. "For I know thou wilt defend *even* the body *of thine own*."

567. "*Dear-beloved holy one.*" The exclusive application of this to Christ has simply taken the meaning, preciousness and discipline, out of the psalm. It is all spoken by David of himself, and himself only. I am a poor creature enough; my goodness extends not to thee: but I love good and hate evil; I live among thy holy ones, and love them; and I know thou wilt make me holy like them, and love *me* also, and show *me* the path of life.

572. 'They whose bodies stand at thy immortal hand that makes blessed, shall have joys like it in imperishableness.'

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. Trochaic. 3; a b b a.

PSALM XVII.

EXAUDI, DOMINE, JUSTITIAM.

I.

My suit is just; just Lord, to my suit hark,
I plaine: sweet Lord, my plaint for pity mark.
And, since my lips feign not to thee,
Thine ears vouchsafe to bend to me.

II.

O, let my sentence pass from thine own face:
Show that thine eyes respect a faithful case,
Thou that by proof acquainted art
With inward secret of my heart.

III.

Where silent Night might seem all faults to hide,
Then was I, by thy searching insight tried:
And then by thee was guiltless found
From ill word, and ill meaning, sound.

IV.

Not weighing aught how fleshly fancies run,
Led by thy word, the rav'ner's steps I shun;
And pray that still you guide my way,
Lest yet I slip, or go astray.

V.

I say again that I have called on thee,
And boldly say thou wilt give ear to me:
And let my words,—my cries,—ascend,
Which to thyself my soul will send.

VI.

Show then, O Lord, thy wondrous kindness show:
Make us in marvels of thy mercy know
That thou by faithful men wilt stand,
And save them from rebellious hand.

VII.

Then keep me as the apple of an eye:
In thy wings' shade then let me hidden lie,
From my destroying wicked foes,
Who for my death do me enclose.

VIII.

Their eyes do swim, their face doth shine, in fat,
And cruel words their swelling tongues do chat,
And yet their high hearts look so low
As how to watch our overthrow.

IX.

Now like a lion gaping to make preys,
Now like his whelp, in den that lurking stays:

Up, Lord, prevent those gaping jaws,
And bring to naught those watching paws.

X.

Save me from them thou usest as thy blade;
From men, I say, and from men's worldly trade:
Whose life doth seem most greatly blest,
And count this life their portion best.

XI.

Whose bellies so with dainties thou dost fill,
And so with hidden treasures grant their will,
That they in riches flourish do,
And children have to leave it to.

XII.

What would they more? And I would not theircase
My joy shall be, pure, to enjoy thy face,
When waking of this sleep of mine,
I shall see thee in likeness thine.

This Psalm may be headed simply 'The prayer against rich men.' But it cannot be abstracted, being already as brief as possible.

577. "*Since my lips feign not.*" The use of good paraphrase is again to be noted. We are apt to read the verse, "Hearken to my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips," without enough marking the second clause as the plea for the first. Sidney's introduced word 'since' makes this distinct. But how many praying, nowadays, can say so boldly? 'They believe in God,'—yes; but they don't believe in *themselves*, or their own prayer; nor seek the least surety that their hearts are honest, and prayer made only for what they really want. When they pray (for instance) for "that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace," how many, in their hearts, pray the stock-broker's prayer for a bloody war,* if they could get a hundred a year more by it? Read lines 593 and 594 together with this first couplet.

583. "*Where silent Night.*" The darkness of the soul,—the shadow which conceals it from itself: the shadow out of which we are brought to knowledge of ourselves. "When I did not know myself, *thou* knewest me."

586. "*Ill meaning sound.*" Ill word first; but much more than that, from ill meaning accent and

* See 'Fors Clavigera,' July, 1876.

force of word. Not only guiltless from actual lying, but from malicious truth. Compare Blake, of "ill meaning sound."

"A truth that's told with bad intent
Beats all the lies you can invent."

588. "*The Ravener.*"—Destroyer, the men spoken of presently, in verse 8th, as having gaping jaws, and 'watching' Paws, every muscle set for instant snatch or stroke.

611. "*Thou usest as thy blade.*" I should like these two verses (9 and 10) to be learned by heart, that they may fix in our minds the conception which is the foundation-stone of all the statements respecting the sinners in the Psalms, that they are not merely themselves lost and condemned of God, but that they are used *as his sword*, to chastise his children with; that their especial function is that of the Ravener,—tearer in pieces, or wolf, to the Lambs of his flock; and that they are to be recognized, among other signs, very definitely, by their worldly prosperity, having their bellies filled with 'hidden' treasures, (got cunningly, and by secret wrongs of commerce,) and leaving them to their children.

RHYTHM.—Quatrain. 5 5 4 4 ~~~ a a b b.

604. "*Chat*"—short for chatter. The words of wicked men are always more or less brutal in stupidity, like the chattering of monkeys or jackdaws. The 'opinions' of the British press, for instance.

620. I am a little proud of some of my alterings of punctuation, which I make generally without pointing out the former mistake to the reader's notice. But the alteration of this line from the former one is worth pausing at, to show the value of proper respect for Sidney's musical accent. It was quite impossible that he should construct a pentametre line with these following cæsuras, as it has been hitherto printed,

"Mȳ jōy | shăll bĕ pūre, | tō ĕnjōy | thў fāce."

But he, with perfect measure and ease, can write,

"Mȳ jōy | shăll bē, | pūre, | tŏ ĕnjōy | thў fāce."

Compare the original, and you will see how we recover the meaning, with the right accent.

621. "*Of*"—short for 'out of.'

PSALM XVIII.

DILIGAM TE.

I.

THEE WILL I LOVE, O LORD,
WITH ALL MY HEART'S DELIGHT,
My strength, my strongest rock,
which my defence hast borne:
My God, and helping God,
my might, and trustful might,
My never-piercèd shield, my ever-saving horne,
My refuge;—refuge then when most I am forlorn:
Whom then shall I invoke,
but thee, most worthy praise,
On whom, against my foes, my only safety stays?

II.

On me the paines of death already 'gan to prey:
The floods of wickedness on me did horrors throw:
Like in a winding-sheet, wretch, I already lay,
This my distress to God, with wailful cries I show:
All ready, ready to my snaring grave to go,
My cries climb'd up; and He
bent down, from sacred throne,
His eyes unto my case, his ears unto my moan.

III.

And so the earth did fall to tremble and to quake,
The mountains proudly high,
and their foundations bent
With motion of his rage, did to the bottom shake.
He came, but came with smoke,
from out his nostrils sent:
Flames issu'd from his mouth,
and burning coals out went:
He bow'd the heav'ns, and from
the bow'd heav'ns did descend
With hugy darkness, which about his feet did wend.

IV.

The cherubims their backs,
the winds did yield their wings,
To bear his sacred flight;
in secret place then clos'd;
About which he dim clouds, like a pavilion brings
Clouds, ev'n of waters dark,
and thickest air compos'd;
But straight his shining eyes
this misty mass disclos'd:
Then hail, then fiery coals,
then thundred, heav'nly Sire,
Then spake he his loud voice,
then hailstones, coals, and fire

V.

Then out his arrows fly;
and straight they scattred been:
Lightning on lightning he
did for their wreck augment;
The gulfs of waters then
were through their channels seen:
The world's foundations then
lay bare; because he shent
With blasting breath, O Lord,
that in thy chiding went.
Then sent He from above, and took me from below,
Ev'n from the waters' depth, my God preserv'd me so.

VI.

So did he save me, from my mighty furious foe,
So did he save me, from their then prevailing hate:
For they had caught me up when I was weak in woe:
But He, staff of my age,
he staid my stumbling state:
This much: yet more, when I
by him this freedom gat,
By him, because I did find in his eyesight grace,
He lifted me unto a largely noble place.

VII.

My justice, my just hands thus did the Lord reward,
Because I walk'd his ways,
nor 'gainst him evilly went:

Still to his judgments look'd,
still for his statutes car'd :
Sound and upright with him,
to wickedness not bent.
Therefore, I say again, this goodness he me sent,
As he before his eyes did see my justice stand,
According as he saw the pureness of my hand.

VIII.

Meek to the meek thou art,
the good thy goodness taste :
Pure, to the pure, thou deal'st
with crooked crookedly.
Up then, thou lift'st the poor,
and down the proud wilt cast ;
Up, thou dost light my light,
and clear my darkned eye.
I hosts by thee o'ercome ; by thee o'er walls I fly :
Thy way is soundly sure, thy word is purely tried :
To them that trust in thee, a shield thou dost abide.

IX.

For who is God besides this great Jehovah ours ?
And so besides our God, who is endu'd with might ?
This God then girded me in his all-mighty pow'rs,
He made my cumb'rous way,
to me most plainly right :

To match with lightfoot stags,
he made my foot so light,
That I climb'd highest hill ; he me war points did show,
Strength'ning mine arms, that they
could break an iron bow.

X.

Thou gav'st me saving shield ;
thy right hand was my stay ;
Me in increasing still, thy kindness did maintain ;
Unto my strengthened steps,
thou didst enlarge the way,
My heels, and plants, thou didst
from stumbling slip sustain ;
What foes I did pursue, my force did them attain,
That I, ere I return'd, destroy'd them utterly,
With such brave wounds, that they
under my feet did lie.

XI.

For why ? my fighting strength,
by thy strength strengthened was :
Not I, but thou, throw'st down
those who 'gainst me do rise,
Thou gavest me their necks,
on them thou mad'st me pass :
Behold they cry, but who to them his help applies ?
Nay, unto thee they cried,
but thou heard'st not their cries:

I beat those folks as small
as dust, which wind doth raise,
I beat them small as clay is beat in beaten ways.

XII.

Thus freed from troublous men,
thou makest me to reign ;
Yea, thou makest me be serv'd
by folks I never knew :
My name their ears, their ears
their hearts, to me enchain'd :
Ev'n fear makes strangers show
much love, though much untrue.
But they do fail, and in their mazed corners rue :
Then live Jehova still, my rock still blessèd be :
Let him be lifted up, that hath preservèd me.

XIII.

He that is my revenge, in whom I realms subdue,
Who freed me from my foes, from rebels guarded me,
And rid me from the wrongs
which cruel wits did brew.
Among the Gentiles then
I, Lord, yield thanks to thee,
I to thy name will sing, and this my song shall be ;
" He nobly saves his king, and kindness keeps in store,
For David his anoint, and his seed, evermore."

When first I read this paraphrase, I was in fairly strong health, and had done some work in which I felt triumphant; and was set at my commentary on a bright spring morning; and this was what I wrote:

'I have no words to express my admiration of this entirely glorious piece of massive English scripture of pure, eternal truth. The majestic art and music of it are like the greatest work of Handel; the storm and spirit-painting of it like Tintoret's. The precise logic and verbal symmetry of it like Horace's; the passion of it is David's,—and his own.'

I am now correcting the press in ruined Venice, in a bleak November day, and with slightly feverish cold upon me; and the paraphrase now appears to me often weak, and occasionally ridiculous.

Both views are false; but the one received in health is nearer the truth, and its error is on the noble side: but, above all the other paraphrases, it requires intense feeling and fine reading.

623. I have put the first line of this psalm in capitals; but it needs no enforcement by lettering, and I wish it to be remembered not only for a kind of title to the psalm, but for its definition of the right manner of the 'Love of God,' as it is meant, manifestly through all the Psalter, and secretly, through all the Bible. For the command-

ment, "Thou shalt love *with all thine heart*," does not mean with miserable abandonment of all else that the heart cherishes,—but through all, and with all, heart's delight in the world, small and great; —doubling,—trebling,—infiniting it, by taking it from God's hand, as a child a jewel from its father; the jewel, indeed of price, but the *gift*, *without* price.

And when this is once felt, rightly, it will be felt rightly also, how God *gives* grief as well as joy. For as He rejoices with us as a Father, in the joy He gives, so He grieves with us as a Father in the pain He gives; and thus Himself takes our infirmities, Himself bears our sicknesses. But He no more (let the unfortunate modern evangelical well note) bears our griefs, that *we* may *not* bear them, than He rejoices in our joys that we may not enjoy them!

637. "*And so the earth did fall to tremble.*" Here begins, in the original, one of the grandest passages of the whole Bible; and it has never occurred to me till this moment to ask,—What it is all about?

I have read it simply as a description of God's anger at all times: perhaps once or twice, glancing at its heading, I have noticed that David wrote

it at a particular time,—but actually, never till this morning (8th July, '76) inquired what time it really was, or what David meant by this thundrous melody. "In the day that the Lord delivered him from the hand of all his enemies, and from the hand of Saul." What day? Not the day of Saul's death, assuredly. David wrote quite another kind of psalm when he heard of *that* deliverance.

Neither when he heard of the death of Saul's last and noblest servant. "Thy hands were not bound," (he sang,) "nor thy feet put into fetters. As a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou. Know ye not that a Prince is this day fallen in Israel, and *I* am this day weak, though Anointed King."

The precise and literal contrary, you see, of the close of *this* psalm!

But now look to II. Samuel, and read of it chap. v. 1—10, and 12, 14, 17, 18, and 19; and chap. vii. from beginning to end. The close of that chapter gives us the solemn and deliberate prayer in which, at such time as the words were put on his lips, followed this passionate psalm.

631. "*Like in a winding-sheet.*" I think Sidney interprets the fourth and fifth verses in too spiritual

a sense. David could not have had, at this time of his life, any sense of the snares of hell in their reality. He seems to me only to be thinking of the day when he was first separated from Jonathan, Saul's spear just missing him as he sang: so, also, the passage describing the anger of God is meant literally, not spiritually, of the Philistines' victory over Israel, and the captivity of the ark. The imaged cherubim were in captivity, that had lifted up their silent wings,—but God yet Himself "rode upon a cherub, and did fly"; the ark was lost from behind the vail of the tabernacle,—but *His* pavilion round about Him was dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies.

668. "*I beat them—as the clay is beat in beaten ways.*" Far worse than potter's beating;—into *vile*, incoherent destruction. The iteration and beat of the psalm itself is in no line more splendid.

RHYTHM.—Sevenfold. 6 ~~~ a b a b b c c.

626. "*Horne.*" I believe Sidney is thinking of Roland's horn at Fontarabia; and I therefore keep the e at the end of the word, prolonging its sound. I should like to keep this orthography in classical English. He wilfully lets go, as in-

harmonious with the other metaphors, the Hebrew meaning of an animal's horn; and, indeed, there is no other Hebrew metaphor so unfortunate. It has made the figure of Moses always ludicrous in mediæval missal painting, and been the root of much absurdity and mischief in dress.

643. "*Hugy.*" Classical, in Dryden and others. A grand word, taking the office of the vulgar 'hugeous.' From old French 'ahugue'—Johnson.

649. "*Then thundred, heavenly Sire.*" All exclamatory—no time for definite articles.

651. "*Been.*" I am not sure how far Sidney carried the use of this aorist, Shakspeare's 'bin.'

654. "*Shent.*" 'Destroyed with indignation.' 'Shend' and 'shent' are the two old forms. But the word is obsolete, and should be so.

675. "*Up thou dost light,*" for 'light up.'

682. "*Cumbrous*"—'vexing,' 'troublesome,' not 'heavy.' This is the proper classical sense; from 'kommeren,' Dutch,—see Johnson. His quotation from Sir Isaac Newton, "very long tubes are cumbersome, and scarce to be readily managed," shows how easily the sense of troublesomeness

may pass into that of weight. But 'ponderous,' or simply 'heavy,' is the proper word for weight. It is very desirable both in 'cumber' and 'incumbrance' to keep the original sense as clear as possible.

689. "*Plants.*" Soles of the feet. See note to 870.

713. "*For David his anoint.*" The final 'ed' is cut off, not in hurry, but in intensity of leaning on the word, and desire to bring it literally, in the ending letter, nearer to the form 'Christ.' The line is to be read or sung very slowly, but continuously, so as to elide the 'ed' before the 'a' in natural sequence, then laying the next accent on 'his.'

PSALM XIX.

CŒLI ENARRANT.

I.

THE heav'nly frame sets forth the fame
Of him that only thunders;
The firmament, so strangely bent,
Shows his hand, working wonders.

II.

Day unto day, doth it display,
Their course doth it acknowledge:
And night to night, succeeding right,
In darkness teach clear knowledge.

III.

There is no speech, nor language, which
Is so of skill bereaved,
But of the skies, the teaching cries,
They have heard, and conceived.

IV.

There be no eyne, but read the line
From so fair book proceeding;
Their words be set in letters great
For ev'ry body's reading.

V.

Is not he blind that doth not find
The tabernacle builded
There, by his grace, for sun's fair face,
In beams of beauty guilded?

VI.

Who forth doth come, like a bridegroom,
From out his veiling places:
As glad is he, as giants be
To run their mighty races.

VII.

His race is ev'n from ends of heav'n;
About that vault he goeth:
There be no realms hid from his beams,
His heat to all he throweth.

VIII.

O law of his, how perfect 'tis!
The very soul amending;
God's witness sure for aye doth dure,
To simplest, wisdom lending.

IX.

God's dooms be right, and cheer the spright:
All his commandments being
So purely wise, they give the eyes
Both light, and force of seeing.

X.

Of him the fear doth cleanness bear,
And so endures for ever:
His judgments be self-verity,
They are unrighteous never.

XI.

Then what man would so soon seek gold,
Or glitt'ring golden money?
By them is past, in sweetest taste,
Honey, or comb of honey.

XII.

By them is made thy servant's trade,
Most circumspectly guarded:
And who doth frame to keep the same
Shall fully be rewarded.

XIII.

Who is the man, that ever can
His faults know and acknowledge!
O Lord, cleanse me from faults that be
Most secret from all knowledge.

XIV.

Thy servant keep, lest in him creep
Presumptuous sin's offences:
Let them not have me for their slave,
Nor reign upon my senses.

XV.

So shall my spright be still upright
In thought and conversation;
So shall I bide, well purified
From much abomination.

XVI.

So let words sprung from my weak tongue
And my heart's meditation;
My saving might, Lord, in thy sight
Receive good acceptation.

I cannot say much for the sublimity of this paraphrase; but it is splendidly joyful and clear-thoughted. The one line, "The statutes of the Lord are right, and *rejoice the heart*," having been taken as key to the whole treatment of it.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. 2 2 $\tilde{3}$ 2 2 $\tilde{3}$ ~~~~ a a b. c c b.

715. "*That only*," for 'that alone.'

718. "*It*." His hand.

733. "*Guilded*." Fastened together as a guild. The 'beams' are the 'beams of his chambers,' and of the sun's tabernacle. Sidney is thinking of the

boards and sockets of the tabernacle in the wilderness, and playing with the equivocation between the two senses of both words, beams, and gild, as the sunshine plays on the two sides of a wave.

740. "*Realms.*" Pronounced 'Reams,' only a little more roundly, like 'Royaume.'

752. "*Self-verity,*" for 'truth itself.'

758. "*Trade.*" See note to line 20.

760. "*Frame.*" Construct the several parts of life in harmony. So, line 809, "did frame"—bring about—their fall.

PSALM XX.

EXAUDIAT TE DOMINUS.

I.

LET God the Lord hear thee,
Even in the day when most thy troubles be:
Let name of Jacob's God,
When thou on it dost cry,
Defend thee still from all thy foes abroad.

II.

From sanctuary high
Let him come down, and help to thee apply
From Zion's holy top;
Thence let him undertake
With heav'nly strength thy earthly strength to prop.

III.

Let him notorious make,
That in good part he did thy off'rings take;
Let fire for trial burn
(Yea, fire from himself sent,)
Thy offerings, so that they to ashes turn.

IV.

And so let him consent
To grant thy will, and perfect thy intent,

That in thy saving, we
May joy, and banners raise
Up to our God, when thy suits granted be.

V.

Now in me knowledge says,
That God from fall his own anointed stays.
From heav'nly holy land
I know that he hears me ;
Yea, hears with powers, and help of helpful hand.

VI.

Let trust of some men be
In chariots arm'd, others' in chivalry ;
But let all our conceit,
Upon God's holy name,
Who is our Lord, with due remembrance wait.

VII.

Behold their broken shame !
We stand upright, while they their fall did frame.
Assist us, Saviour dear ;
Let that King deign to hear,
Whenas to him our prayers do appear.

This is called a Psalm of David ; but if the King wrote it, he wrote it for the people to sing. It seems

to me far more probable it was written for the great choirs by one of the priests; and there is no reason why it might not have been written by anybody of good loyalty and true heart. It is finer in the common version than in Sidney's, but has no other than simple or serviceable character in either.

787. "*With heavenly strength.*" This second verse, at the cost of some lengthiness, fully explains the meaning of the second verse in the original. The prayer is made by the people, (attending a sacrifice of the King's, in the tabernacle,) that his offering might be accepted, and that the Dweller between the Cherubim might give him heavenly strength, out of the Holy Place. It is entirely literal and local: as much as the bowing down of a Roman Catholic congregation before the elevated Host, presently to be shut up again in the little golden cell above the altar.

792. "*So that they to ashes turn.*" He expands the meaning of the burnt sacrifice,—accepted most when burnt by fire coming from heaven. There is a time when Heaven utterly accepts, by utterly destroying, what we gave of our own.

796, 797. "*Banners raise, up to our God.*" Sir Philip, for once, errs like a modern, and misses the

gist of the psalm by spiritualizing it. The congregation are no more in the real psalm supposed to think of raising their banners to God, than our own Guards think of it, when presented with new colours by the colonel's wife. They only promise to set up their literal banners against their literal enemies 'in the name of our God':—God grant we do so much as that, honestly.

798. "*Now in* me." This, like the original verse, is meant to be said by each one of the congregation for himself,—not vaguely, "*we* know," but "assuredly *I*," and doubtless, therefore, all of us—know.

799. "*His own anointed.*" Here, only another phrase for the King.

801. "*Hears* me." Sidney, or whoever it is, quite wrong again, and not minding what he is about. The congregation say that they know that God saves the King, and hears *him*. Not at all that He hears *them*, except through the King's prayer, or saves *them*, except by the King's hand.

All written by the King himself, you begin to think, or by a King's sycophant? No, disloyal reader;—written by a very honest and worthy person, depend upon it, whoever he was.

810. "*Assist us, Saviour.*" Finally wrong. The real verse is simply our own national one: "Oh, Lord, save the King; this King now with us, and hear *us*, in the day when we call on thee."

RHYTHM.—Cinqfold, sequent. 3 5 3 3 5 ~~~ a a b c b c c d e d, etc.

The twenty-first psalm, in the original, companions the foregoing; and completes its prayer in thanksgiving; but the paraphrase is entirely valueless, and better unread. The metre of it, ludicrously forced, marks the interference of some entirely unmusical person in the finishing of the book, whose discordant touch may be detected in some even of the more perfect psalms, and entirely spoils the three next following, of which especially the twenty-second cannot possibly be Sidney's, and is full of old English quaintnesses now unendurable in relation to its mighty theme. I keep the last four verses of it only: we have heard and seen fulfilled the prophecy of its beginning; let us hear also, and look for the fulfilment of, the prophecy of its close.

Th' afflicted then shall eat, and be well pleased;
And God shall be, by those his seekers praised.

Indeed, O you, you that be of such mind,
You shall the life that ever liveth find.

But what? I say, from earth's remotest border,
Unto due thoughts, mankind his thoughts shall order;
And turn to God, and all the nations be
Made worshippers, before Almighty Thee.

And reason, since the crown to God pertaineth,
And that by right upon all realms he reigneth.
They that be made ev'n fat with earth's fat good
Shall feed, and laud the giver of their food.

To him shall kneel even who to dust be stricken,
Even he whose life no help of man can quicken:
His service shall from child to child descend,
His dooms one age shall to another send.

I am sorry to omit the twenty-third and twenty-fourth, which are companion psalms; the first, singing of God's grace to the humble; the second, of God's grace to the noble.

Probably few psalms are oftener read, or with stronger feeling, by careless readers; and there are probably no other two whose real force is so little thought of. Which of us, even the most attentive, is prepared at once to tell, or has often enough considered, what the 'Valley of the Shadow of Death' means, in the one, or the 'Hill of the Lord,' in the other?

PSALM XXV.

AD TE, DOMINE.

I.

To thee, O Lord most just,
I lift my inward sight:
My God, in thee I trust,
Let me not ruin quite.
Let not those foes, that me annoy,
On my complaint build up their joy.

II.

Sure, sure, who hope in thee,
Shall never suffer shame:
Let them confounded be
That causeless wrongs do frame.
Yea, Lord, to me thy ways do show;
Teach me, thus vex'd, what path to go.

III.

Guide me as thy truth guides;
Teach me; for why, thou art
The God in whom abides
The saving me from smart.
For never day such changing wrought,
That I from trust in thee was brought.

IV.

Remember, only King,
Thy mercies' tenderness:
To thy remembrance bring
Thy kindness, lovingness.
Let those things thy remembrance grave,
Since they eternal essence have.

V.

But, Lord, remember not
Sins brew'd in youthful glass:
Nor my rebellious blot,
Since youth, and they, do pass:
But in thy kindness me record,
Ev'n for thy mercy's sake, O Lord.

VI.

Of grace and righteousness
The Lord such plenty hath,
That he deigns to express
To sinning men his path:
The meek he doth in judgment lead,
And teach the humble how to tread.

VII.

And what, think you, may be
The paths of my great God?

Ev'n spotless verity,
And mercy spread abroad,
To such as keep his covenant,
And on his testimonies plant.

VIII.

O Lord, for thy name's sake,
Let my iniquity
Of thee some mercy take,
Though it be great in me:
Oh, is there one with his fear fraught?
He shall be by best teacher taught.

IX.

Lo, how his blessing buds
Inward, an inward rest;
Outward, all outward goods
By his seed eke possest.
For such he makes his secret know,
To such he doth his cov'nant show.

X.

Where then should my eyes be,
But still on this Lord set?
Who doth and will set free
My feet from tangling net.
O look, O help, let mercy fall,
For I am poor and least of all.

XI.

My woes are still increas'd ;
Shield me from these assaults :
See how I am oppress'd,
And pardon all my faults.
Behold my foes, what store they be,
Who hate, yea, hate me cruelly.

XII.

My soul, which thou didst make,
Now made, O Lord, maintain ;
And from me these ills take,
Lest I rebuke sustain.
For thou the Lord, thou only art,
Of whom the trust lives in my heart.

XIII.

Let my uprightness gain
Some safety unto me :
I say, and say again,
My hope is all in thee.
In fine, deliver Israel,
O Lord, from all his troubles fell.

The original is one of the most precious in the Psalter, written in prolonged depression of heart

under memory of sin; and it is more sweet and wide in its sympathy with all human error, and acceptableness by the feeble heart and trembling lips of common persons, than the psalms of more violent and bitter repentance.

838. "*Causeless wrongs.*" Too vague. The real words are, "which break the law to no purpose," —wantonly, for breaking's sake.

854. "*Brew'd,*" or 'mixed.' The nature of sin being as of a mixed and composed wine. "In the hand of the Lord is a cup, and the wine is red; it is full mixed; the dregs thereof, all the wicked of the earth shall wring them out, and drink them."

You must always remember that Sidney uses every metaphor with full command of its entire scriptural use; and the scriptural use is always further illustrated by all the laws of nature and courses of human conduct. Think of a mixed American drink, compared with old wine of the vineyard, and you will feel how the one is the natural type of the poisonous cup of fornication, as the other is of the life of man.

870. "*Plant.*" Set the soles of their feet firmly

and consistently upon; as 'tread' in 864, the metaphor of a path being retained throughout. Compare 689.

895, 896. Two grand lines, explaining the single word to 'keep' the soul.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. 3 3 3 3 4 4, a b a b c c.

PSALM XXVI.

JUDICA ME, DOMINE.

I.

LORD, judge me and my case,
For I have made my race
Within the bounds of innocence to bide:
And setting thee for scope
Of all my trustful hope,
I held for sure that I should never slide.

II.

Prove me, O Lord most high,
Me with thy touchstone try;
Yea, sound my reins, and inmost of my heart.
For so thy loving hand
Before my eyes doth stand,
That from thy truth I never will depart.

III.

I did not them frequent,
Who be to vainness bent,
Nor kept with base dissemblers company.
Nay, I did ev'n detest
Of wicked wights the nest,
And from the haunts of such bad folk did fly.

IV.

In th' innocence of me
My hands shall washèd be;
And with those hands about thy altar wait;
That I may still express
With voice of thankfulness
The works perform'd by thee, most wond'rous great.

V.

Lord, I have lovèd well
The house where thou dost dwell,
Ev'n where thou mak'st thy honour's biding-place.
Sweet Lord, write not my soul
Within the sinner's roll:
Nor my life's cause match with blood-seeker's case,

VI.

With hands of wicked shifts,
With right hands stained with gifts.
But while I walk in my unspotted ways,
Redeem and show me grace,
So I in public place,
Set on plain ground, will thee, Jehovah, praise.

This psalm refers, first, to the conduct and honour of practical life, and is of great importance

as asserting, on David's part, his actual practice of the separation from wicked men, on which separation the great 'benediction of the first psalm is pronounced.

Then the 'judgment' it prays for is the farther search into the truth of his heart, which is necessary to make the eternal separation of any use.

"I have not sat with vain persons," (he says,) "nor kept company with knaves, nor with evil doers: I have loved thy tabernacle, and the place of thine honour;" (see notes on Psalm xxvii.;) "and all this I have done, and will do, with utter honesty and desire to be honest; but I can't try my own heart; I will walk in *mine* integrity,—all the integrity I can muster for myself; do thou try my reins and heart,—redeem me, and be merciful to me."

And the practical gist of this psalm, for living Christians, is, first, that they are not to keep company with idle fashionable people, nor busy rogues; but to love God's heaven, and the places He dwells in (which are neither factories, nor barracks, nor London squares, and least of all spruce Gothic chapels built to sanctify factories, or barracks, or the pride of the West-end); and having redeemed themselves from all real visible iniquity, then to pray for nobler and purer redemption. It is one

of the worst paraphrases in the book, as far as its poetry is concerned; but it is very searching in sense; and I therefore admit it.

907. "*Case.*" What has befallen me?

909, 910. "*Race*"—"*scope.*" Instead of the 'walk' of life, Sir Philip calls it a 'race' of life. Scope is the aim or goal; bounds, the stakes of the course. He chooses the Pauline metaphor, to enforce the last word 'slide.' For there is little fear of slipping in walking, and little harm if we do. But much of both, in racing.

922. "*Nay, I did ev'n.*" He detested, not merely the vain and wicked persons, but their nests and haunts, also. Not only the cruel people of the West End, but the very sight of Brook Street and Grosvenor Square.

925. "*Innocence of* me." Leaning on the distinction between such innocence as he could refine himself into, and that which God could refine him into.

So in line 939—"*my* unspotted ways."

934. "*Sweet Lord, write not.*" 'Yet after all

this, my name may still be written by thee in the Book of Death. Lord, save me.'

I know not the authority for our English word 'gather.' In the Vulgate, it is the direct reverse do not 'lose,' and in the Septuagint, do not 'destroy.' But see note on line 956.

941. A standard resolution for all public men, from the parish beadle to the Prime Minister. Let them first be set on plain ground; and then, —praise God.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. 3 3 5, 3 3 5 ~~~ a a b, c c b.

I cannot give the paraphrase of the next psalm, being too feeble; nor does it need any; its ordinary version is entirely clear in terms, and cannot be mended. But though clear in terms, it is not by any means so clear in meaning. What is this one thing that David seeks after?—"to behold the beauty of the Lord, and inquire in His temple." What does 'His temple' mean *for us?* I don't think that even David meant the tabernacle; still less, for a Londoner, can it only mean St. Paul's. How are we to use this psalm ourselves? In the time of trouble he shall hide me in—St. Paul's? or in Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle at

the Elephant and Castle? Scarcely;—yet where else? I will answer, for the present, but partly,—in the last verse of Sir Philip Sidney's paraphrase:

> What had I been, except I had
> Believed God's goodness for to see,
> In *land with living creatures glad?*

In which, note Sidney's pretty expansion and enforcement of a phrase which has become, with us, of late, vulgarized into mere conversational periphrasis. "Are you yet in the land of the living?" says the cockney to his acquaintance, seen after hermitage for a month at Margate. Even in the original, perhaps the words mean little more than personal life. But Sidney thinks of the difference between the earth glad with life, and sorrowful with its return to her dust.

PSALM XXVIII.

AD TE, DOMINE.

I.

To thee, Lord, my cry I send;
O my strength, stop not thine ear:
Lest if answer thou forbear,
I be like them that descend
To the pit, where flesh doth end.

II.

Therefore while that I may cry,
While I that way hold my hands
Where thy sanctuary stands,
To thyself those words apply,
Which from sueing voice do fly.

III.

Link not me in selfsame chain
With the wicked working folk;
Who, their spotted thoughts to cloak,
Neighbours friendly entertain,
When in hearts they malice mean.

IV.

Spare not them; give them reward,
As their deeds have purchas'd it,

As deserves their wicked wit:
Fare they as their hands have far'd,
Ev'n so be their guerdon shared.

V.

To thy works they give no eye;
Let them be thrown down by thee:
Let them not restored be;
But let me give praises high
To the Lord that hears my cry.

VI.

That God is my strength, my shield:
All my trust on him was set,
And so I did safety get:
So shall I with joy be fill'd,
So my songs his lauds shall yield.

VII.

God on them his strength doth lay,
Who his anointed helped have,—
Lord, then still thy people save;
Bless thine heritage, I say;
Feed and lift them up for aye.

This is a companion psalm to the 27th. The same questions occur about the meaning of 'rock'.

and 'oracle,' (verses 1 and 2), and the same prayer essentially (verse 3); while 'the beauty of the Lord,' in the 27th, becomes 'the operation of his hands' in the 28th. The paraphrase is another poor one, but worth keeping.

950. "*Where flesh*"—not soul—"*doth end.*"

956. "*Link not me.*" Whether in true coincidence of thought, or actually having seen the pictures, Sir Philip uses the same symbol as Fra Angelico, and all the other believing painters, of the Last Judgment: their demons always drag the condemned down in the loop of an encircling chain, like the edge of a net.

It is 'Draw' in the Septuagint, as in our version, partly justifying the former 'gather'—"Gather ye together first the tares, and bind," etc.

964. "*Fare they as their hands.*" See Johnson on this word 'fare,' and its derivations. The root seems to be the Icelandic 'Far,' a journey, whence 'to fare,' to travel; 'fare,' the price of conveyance; and 'fare well,' journey you well. ('Fard,' Icelandic to depart, giving our 'far,' 'off,' etc. Here it is obscurely used for "Let them be done to as they have done."

RHYTHM.—Cinqfold. 4 ⏑⏑⏑ a b b a a.

PSALM XXIX.

AFFERTE DOMINO.

I.

ASCRIBE unto the Lord of light,
Ye men of pow'r ;—ev'n by birthright,
Ascribe all glory and all might.

II.

Ascribe due glory to his name ;
And in his ever-glorious frame
Of sanctuary do the same.

III.

His voice is on the waters found,
His voice doth threatning thunders sound,
Yea, through the waters doth resound.

IV.

The voice of that Lord ruling us
Is strong, though he be gracious,
And ever, ever glorious.

V.

By voice of high Jehovah we
The highest cedars broken see,
Ev'n cedars which on Liban be.

VI.

Nay, like young calves in leaps are borne,
And Liban's self, with nature's scorn;
And Sirion, like young unicorn.

VII.

His voice doth flashing flames divide;
His voice have trembling deserts tried;
Ev'n deserts, where the Arabs bide.

VIII.

His voice makes hinds their calves to cast:
His voice makes bald the forest waste:
But in his church his fame is plac't.

IX.

He sits on seas, he endless reigns,
His strength his people's strength maintains,
Which, blest by him, in peace remains.

A true David's psalm, full of rapture, but full, like its companion, the 114th, of intense purpose also. The questions again return, What is the 'beauty of the Lord'—here 'beauty of holiness'?—Where is the Temple, in which every one speaks of his glory? (ver. 9.) What Exodus of ours shall

make of *us* also such a sanctuary as Israel became 'in exitu'?

The paraphrase is grand in beat and tone, but absolutely needs music.

982. "*By birthright.*" In both the Septuagint and Vulgate, In your birthright, bring to him the gift of the praise of sons.

"Bring unto the Lord, ye sons of God."

1002. "*And Liban's self.*" 'And' is used here as 'Et' would be in Latin. Even the cedars are broken; nay, and Libanus itself, and Sirion, leap.

This leaping of the mountains is meant as an expression, not of their joy, but their terror, or at least, hurry to get out of God's way, as grasshoppers leaping aside from the foot's tread. The metaphor is one of the partly violent, partly vague, Hebrew modes of thought which are useless to persons of little passion, and perilous to careless readers; but very precious to the faithful and true, who have hot hearts, and feel that they themselves ought also to be able to say, 'Be thou removed,' unless as the wicked in their last hope, 'Fall on us.'

RHYTHM.—Triplet. 4 ⏑⏑– a a a,

PSALM XXX.

EXALTABO TE, DOMINE.

I.

O LORD, thou hast exalted me,
And sav'd me from foes' laughing scorn:
I owe thee praise, I will praise thee.

II.

For when my heart with woes was torn,
In cries to thee I shew'd my cause:
And was from ev'l by thee upborne,

III.

Yea, from the grave's moist hungry jaws:
Thou would'st not set me in their score,
Whom death in his cold bosom draws.

IV.

Praise, praise this Lord then evermore,
Ye saints of his; rememb'ring still
With thanks his holiness therefore.

V.

For quickly ends his wrathful will;
But his dear favour, where it lies,
From age to age life-joys doth fill.

VI.

Well may the evening clothe the eyes
In clouds of tears, but soon as sun
Doth rise again, new joys shall rise.

VII.

For proof, while I my race did run,
Full of success, fond I did say,
That I should never be undone,

VIII.

For then my hill, good God, did stay :
But aye, he straight his face did hide,
And what was I but wretched clay ?

IX.

Then thus to thee I praying cried,
'What serves, alas, the blood of me,
When I within the pit do bide ?

X.

Shall ever earth give thanks to thee ?
Or shall thy truth, on mankind laid
In deadly dust, declarèd be ?

XI.

Lord, hear ! let mercy thine be staid
On me, from me help this annoy.'
This much I said, this being said,

XII.

Lo, I that wailed, now dance for joy:
Thou did'st ungird my burial-cloth,
And made me gladsome weeds enjoy.

XIII.

Therefore my tongue's eternal troth
1045 Shall tell thy praise: O God, my King,
I will thee thanks for ever sing.

This is one of the most simple and lovely of the paraphrases—more personally applicable by most readers than the more lofty original.

The three verses from the sixth to eighth are wholly exquisite. I have retouched the last two stanzas, which had a too provokingly quaint line in them.

1039. "*From me help.*" As Shakspeare's

"Love did to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness."

1042. "*Burial-cloth.*" Sackcloth, properly; but shortened by Sidney into sack, or sacque. We have vulgarized the word: it is a very classical one, the same in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and in Saxon and English.

RHYTHM, 4 ~~~ terza rima.

PSALM XXXI.

IN TE, DOMINE, SPERAVI.

I.

ALL, all my trust, Lord, I have put in thee,
Never, therefore, let me confounded be,
But gently save me in thy righteousness,
Bow down thine ear to hear how much I need ;
Deliver me, deliver me in speed :
Be thou my strong rock, be thou my fortress.

II.

Indeed thou art my rock and my fortress :
Then since my tongue delights that name to bless,
Direct me how to go and guide me right.
Preserve me from the wily wrapping net,
Which they for me with privy craft have set :
For still I say, thou art my only might.

III.

Into thy hands I do commend my sprite :
For it is thou that hast restor'd my light :
O Lord, that art the God of verity.
I hated have those men, whose thoughts do cleave
To vanities : which most trust, most deceive :
For all my hope fixed upon God doth lie.

IV.

Thy mercy shall me fill with jollity,
For my annoys have come before thine eyé:
Thou well hast known what plague my soul was in.
And thou hast not for aye enclosèd me
Within the hand of hateful enmity:
But hast enlarged my feet from mortal gin.

V.

All my fierce foes reproach on me did cast:
Yea neighbours, more, my mates, were so aghast,
That in the streets from sight of me they fled:
Now I, now I, myself forgotten find,
Even like a dead man, dreamèd out of mind,
Or like a broken pot, in mire that's tredd.

VI.

I understand what railing great men spread:
Fear was each where, while they their counsels led
All to this point, how my poor life to take;
But I did trust in thee. Lord, I did say,
Thou art my God, my time on thee doth stay:
Save me from foes who for my bane do seek.

VII.

Thy face to shine upon thy servant make,
And save me in, and for, thy mercy's sake;

Let me not taste of shame, O Lord, most high.
For I have called on thee ; let wicked folk
Confounded be ; and pass away like smoke ;
Let them in bed of endless silence die.

VIII.

Let those lips be made dumb which love to lie ;
Which full of spite, and pride, and cruelty,
Do throw their words against the most upright.
Oh, of thy grace what endless pleasure flows
To whom fear thee ! What hast thou done for those
That trust in thee, ev'n in most open sight !

IX.

And when need were, from pride in privy plight
Thou hast hid them ; yet leaving them thy light,
From strife of tongues in thy pavilions plast.
Then praise, then praise, I do, the Lord of us,
Who was to me more than most gracious :
Far, far, more sure, than walls most firmly fast.

X.

Yet I confess in that tempestuous haste
I said, that I from out thy sight was cast ;
But thou did'st hear when I to thee did moan.
Then love the Lord all ye that feel his grace ;

For this our Lord preserves the faithful race,
And to the proud in deed pays home their own.
Be strong, I say, this strength confirming you,
You that do trust in him who still is true,
And he shall your establishment renew.

Few words in the Hebrew Scriptures seem to be more solemnly prophetic than this psalm. But its use to ourselves depends upon our reading it as David meant it, and ourselves saying, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit,"—not as a foretelling of the death-words of Christ, but as a simple laying of our own daily life in the hands of its Giver.

The paraphrase is for the most part fine. I have omitted a verse of it, displeasingly quaint.

1063. "*Most trust*"—by a somewhat bold license for 'most trusted.'

1065. "*Annoie*" (so 1039). As much grander a word than 'annoyance,' as 'grief' than 'grievance.'

1075. "*Dreamed.*" Only thought of, or remembered, as in a dream; and at last forgotten wholly.

1076. In reading this psalm for ourselves, we

must first consider whether we have ever really *had* this feeling of being outcast and useless. Many of us only do not mourn our good-for-nothingness, because we never knew in our lives what it was to be good for anything; and can't grieve over our likeness to a broken pot, because we never had the grace in us to be like a whole one.

1109. It is not Sidney's fault that this line is prosy, or the word 'establishment' base to your ear. It is your own fault, for allowing the word to be painted over haberdashers' shops, which will be selling off 'at ruinous prices' the day after to-morrow.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold, continuous. 5 ⏑⏑– a a b c c b, b b d e e d, etc., with added triplet in the close.

1076. "*Tredd.*" Perhaps only a license; but I believe rather a proper parallel with spread, as spredd from spread, and that 'trodden' is in reality no more pure English than 'sprodden.' Use is all, in such cases.

1093. "*To whom.*" Again boldly short for 'those who.'

1095. "*Plight.*" Fold, as of dress.

1099. "*More than most.*" Four degrees of com-

parison, and even then not enough, as we find in the next verse. There is no real grammatical or logical fault. 'Most,' grammatically, means only greatest of what precedes, or is known, and may be as much less as we please than what follows, or is unknown.

PSALM XXXIII.

EXULTATE, JUSTI.

I.

REJOICE in God, O ye
That righteous be:
For cheerful thankfulness,
It is a comely part,
In them whose heart
Doth cherish rightfulness.

II.

O praise with heart the Lord;
O now, accord
Viols with singing voice:
Let ten string'd instrument,
—O now,—be bent
To witness you rejoice.

III.

A new,—sing a new,—song
To him most strong,
Sing loud and merrily:
Because that word of his
Most righteous is,
And his deeds faithful be.

IV.

He righteousness approves,
And judgment loves:
God's goodness fills all lands.
His word made heav'nly coast,
And all that host
By breath of his mouth stands.

V.

The waters of the seas
In heaps he lays,
And depths in treasure his:
Let all the earth fear God,
And who abroad
Of world a dweller is.

VI.

For he spake not more soon,
Than it was done:
He bade, and it did stand.
He doth heath'n counsel break,
And maketh weak
The might of people's hand.

VII.

But ever, ever shall
His counsels all
Throughout all ages last.

The thinkings of that mind
No end shall find,
When time's time shall be past.

VIII.

That realm indeed hath bliss
Whose God he is,
Who him for their Lord take :
Even that people, even those
Whom this Lord chose
His heritage to make.

IX.

The Lord looks from the sky :
Full well his eye
Beholds our mortal race.
Even where he dwelleth, he
Throughout doth see
Who dwell in dusky place.

X.

Since he our hearts doth frame,
He knows the same ;
Their works he understands.
Hosts do the king not save ;
Nor strong men have
Their help from mighty hands.

XI.

Of quick strength is an horse,
And yet his force
Is but a succour vain:
Who trusts him, sooner shall
Catch harmful fall,
Than true deliverance gain.

XII.

But lo, Jehovah's sight
On them doth light
Who him do truly fear:
And them which do the scope
Of all their hope
Upon his mercy bear.

XIII.

His sight is them to save
Ev'n from the grave,
And keep from famine's pain.
Then on that Lord most kind
Fix we our mind,
Whose shield shall us maintain.

XIV.

Our hearts sure shall enjoy
In him much joy

Who hope on his name just.
O let thy mercy great
On us be set;
We have no plea, but trust.

I have retained this paraphrase with some doubt. But there are quaint flashes of earnestness about it which I cannot resolve to lose.

1113. "*It* is *a comely part.*" Accent the 'is.' It *is* comely, for the upright, to praise God. Very uncomely, for rascals to praise him. What comeliness there may be to God's eyes and ears in a modern commercial congregation singing Te Deum laudamus, is to be thought upon.

1127. Sung with real heart and joy, these three first stanzas, simple as they are, would be very lovely. The twice repeated 'Oh, now,' is pretty in its eagerness.

1131. "*Heavenly coast.*" Made the earth and the other worlds, as a coast to the sea of heaven.

1152. "*That realm.*" This stanza entirely de-

pends on its accents for force and beauty. Thus the rhythmic accent on 'their,' in the third line, is equivalent to italicizing it.

The fourth line is to be scanned like Latin.

"Ev'n thāt pĕopl', ēvĕn thōse
Whŏm this," etc. Compare 1194.

The rest of the psalm will be beautiful to people who mean it, and trivial to people who do not.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. 3 2 3 3 2 3, ⏑⏑⏑ a a b c c b.

PSALM XXXIV.

BENEDICAM DOMINO.

I.

I, EV'N I, will always
Give hearty thanks to him on high,
And in my mouth continually
Inhabit shall his praise.
My soul shall glory still
In that dear Lord with true delight:
That hearing it, the hearts contrite
May learn their joys to fill.

II.

Come then and join with me
Somewhat to speak of his due praise:
Strive we that in some worthy phrase
His name may honour'd be.
Thus I begin: I sought
This Lord, and he did hear my cry:
Yea, and from dreadful misery,
He me, he only, brought.

III.

This shall men's fancies frame
To look and run to him for aid,
Whose faces on his comfort stay'd
Shall never blush for shame.

For lo, this wretch did call,
And lo, his call the skies did climb:
And God freed him, in his worst time,
From out his troubles all.

IV.

His angels' armies round
About them pitch, who him do fear;
And watch and ward, for such, do bear
To keep them safe and sound.
I say, but taste, and see
How sweet, how gracious is his grace:
Lord, he is in thrice blessèd case
Whose trust is all on thee.

V.

Fear God, ye saints of his,
For nothing they can ever want
Who faithful fears in him do plant;
They have, and shall have, bliss.
The lions oft lack food,
Those ravener's whelps oft starvèd be:
But who seek God with constancy
Shall nothing need that's good.

VI.

Come, children, lend your ear
To me, and mark what I do say;

For I will teach to you the way
How this our Lord to fear.
Among you, who is here,
That life, and length of life requires,
And blessing such, with length, desires,
As life may good appear?

VII.

Keep well thy lips and tongue,
Lest inward ills do them defile;
Or that by words enwrapt in guile
Another man be stung.
Do good; from faults decline,
Seek peace, and follow after it:
For God's own eyes on good men sit,
His ears to them incline.

VIII.

So his high heavenly face
Is bent, but bent against those same
That wicked be, their very name
From earth quite to displace.
The just, when harms approach,
Do cry; their cry of him is heard;
And by his care for them is barr'd
All trouble, all reproach.

IX.

To humble, broken minds
This Lord is ever, ever near;
And will save whom his true sight clear
In spright afflicted finds.
Indeed the very best
Most great and grievous pains doth bear:
But God shall him to safety rear,
When most he seems oppress'd.

X.

His bones he keepeth all,
So that not one of them is broke;
But malice shall the wicked choke;
Who hateth God, shall fall.
God doth all souls redeem
Who wear his blessed livery:
None, still I say, shall ruined be,
Who him their trust esteem.

This psalm is one of the most distinct in promise of temporal blessing to the meek; little proved, far less disproved, because it is so difficult to know who *are* meek and faithful.

The version is, for the most part, very beautiful; though the first stanza is unusually forced in metre

and phrase. Spenser's stanza, the expansion of the fourth, here, with its added similes, "like flying pursuivant" and diluting words, "*duly* ward," would be felt entirely artificial compared to this in its simple and true joy, if both were sung in in succession.

1194. The line will not scan unless read with great resoluteness, and subdued emphasis on the I's, as if the speaker uttered them with hushed breath:

"Ĭ, ēv'n Ĭ,—wĭll ălwaies."

1201. "*To fill their joys.*" As to fill wine in a cup. But it is a forced phrase.

1239. "Who is here, among you, who would have life, and length of life, and such blessing with the length of it that it may all seem good?" The couplet is obscure, but, once clearly understood, it would be very pleasant to sing; and so to the end.

RHYTHM.—Octave. 3 4 4 3 3 4 4 3 ~~~ a b b a c d d c.

PSALM XXXV.

JUDICA, DOMINE.

I.

SPEAK thou for me against wrong-speaking foes;
Thy force, O Lord, against their force oppose:
Take up thy shield and for my succour stand;
Yea, take thy lance, and stop the way of those
That seek my bane—O make me understand
In spright, that I shall have thy helping hand.

II.

Confound those folks, thrust them in shameful hole,
That hunt so poor a prey as is my soul.
Rebuke, and wreck, on those wrong doers throw,
Who for my hurt each way their thoughts did roll;
And as vile chaff away the wind did blow,
Let angel thine a-scattering make them go.

III.

Let angel thine pursue them as they fly,
But let their flight be dark and slippery;
For, causeless, they both pit and net did set:
For, causeless, they did seek to make me die:
Let their sly wits unwares destruction get,
Fall in self-pit, be caught in their own net.

IV.

Then shall I joy in thee, then saved by thee,
I both in mind and bones shall gladdened be.
Ev'n bones shall say, O God, who is thy peer?
Who poor and weak from strong and rich dost free:
Who helpest those whose ruin was so near,
From him whose force did in their souls appear.

V.

Who did me wrong, against me witness bare,
Laying such things as never in me were:
So my good deeds they pay with evil share,
With cruel minds thy very soul to tear.
And whose? ev'n his, who when they sickness bare,
With inward woe, an outward sackcloth ware.

VI.

I did pull down myself, fasting for such,
I pray'd with prayers which my breast did touch:
In sum, I showed that I to them was bent
As brothers, or as friends belovèd much.
Still, still for them I humbly mourning went,
Like one that should his mother's death lament.

VII.

But lo! soon as they did me stagg'ring see,
Who joy but they, when they assembled be?
Then abjects, while I was unwitting, quite

Against me swarm, causeless to rail at me
With scoffers false, I was their feast's delight,
Even gnashing teeth, to witness more their spite.

VIII.

Lord, wilt thou see, and wilt thou suffer it?
Oh! on my soul let not those tumults hit.
Save me distress'd from lions cruel kind,
I will thank thee, where congregations sit,
Even where I do most store of people find,
Most to thy lauds will I my speeches bind.

IX.

Then, then let not my foes unjustly joy;
Let them not fleer, who me would now destroy:
Who never word of peace yet utter would,
But hunt with craft the quiet man's annoy,
And said to me, wide mouthing, as they could:
'Aha, sir, now we see you where we should.'

X.

This thou hast seen, and wilt thou silent be?
O Lord, do not absent thyself from me;
But rise,—but wake,—that I may judgment get.
My Lord, my God, ev'n for my equity,
Judge, Lord; judge God, even in thy justice great:
Let not their joy upon my woes be set.

XI.

Let them not, Lord, within their hearts thus say:
'O soul, rejoice, we made this wretch our prey.'
But throw them down, put them to endless blame,
Who make a cause to joy of my decay.
Let them be cloth'd in most confounding shame,
That lift themselves my ruin for to frame.

XII.

But make such glad, and full of joyfulness,
That yet bear love unto my righteousness:
Yet, let them say, 'Laud be to God always,
Who love, with God, his servants good to bless.'
As for my tongue, while I have any days,
Thy justice witness shall, and speak thy praise.

I cannot guess under what circumstances this psalm was written; nor the real intent of it, metaphorical or practical. There are few living by whom all its words can be adopted, except in an entirely modified and distant sense. Nevertheless, few people are verily good for much in this world, who cannot at least say, "With hypocritical mockers in feasts, they gnashed upon me with their teeth."

1286. "*Let angel thine.*" Latin order again,—

familiar as English, to Sidney, may some day, it is to be hoped, be also again to us. The echoing chant in this and the next verse, "angel thine, —causeless, they," is taken up again and again, in answering or opposing couplets, throughout the march of the psalm :—

"Then shall I joy in thee,—then saved by thee,
Who poor and weak, from rich and strong, dost flee.
Who did me wrong—against me witness bare," etc.

1291. "*Self-pit.*" The pit of their own self: as we say of a man, he was no one's enemy but his own.

1297. "*Appear.*" I don't understand this line. Perhaps appear, or appeere, may have some sense I do not know.

1298, 1299. The construction is, "They who did me wrong, bare witness, laying against me," etc.

1344. A difficult verse. Who love to bless God, and his good servants.

'It' must be understood after 'tongue' in next line.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. 5 ~~~ a a b a b b.

PSALM XLI.

BEATUS QUI INTELLIGIT.

I.

HE blessèd is who with wise temper can
Judge of th' afflicted man,
For God shall him deliver in the time
When most his troubles climb.
The Lord will keep his life yet safe and sound,
With blessings of the ground;
And will not him unto the will expóse
Of them that be his foes.

II.

When bed from rest becomes his seat of woe,
In God his strength shall grow,
And turn his couch, where sick he couchèd late,
To well recover'd state;
Therefore I said in most infirmity,
Have mercy, Lord, on me:
O, heal my soul, let there thy cure begin,
Where 'gainst thee lay my sin.

III.

My foes, ill words their hate of me display,
While thus, alas, they say:

'When, when will death o'ertake this wretched wight,
And his name perish quite?'
Their courteous visitings are courting lies,
They inward ill disguise,
Ev'n heaps of wicked thoughts, which straight they show
As soon as out they go.

IV.

For then their hateful heads close whisp'ring be,
With hurtful thoughts to me.
Now he is wreck'd, say they, lo, there he lies,
Who never more must rise.
O, you my friend, to whom I did impart
The secrets of my heart,
My friend, I say, who at my table sat,
Did kick against my state.

V.

Therefore, O Lord, abandon'd thus of all,
On me let mercy fall;
And raise me up, that I may once have might,
Their merits to requite:
But what? this doth already well appear
That I to thee am dear:
Since foes, nor have, nor shall have, cause to be
Triumphing over me.

VI.

But triumph well may I, whom thou did'st stay
In my sound rightful way:
Whom thou (O place of places all) dost place,
For aye, before thy face.
So then be blest now, then, at home, abroad,
Of Israel the God:
World without end, let still this blessing flow,
Oh so; oh be it so.

This psalm is of singular importance in the blessing promised to the man who *understands* the poor. There are hundreds of places in which direct help to them is commanded, or blessed; but here is meant the rarer virtue of understanding their infirmities. For which the reward is that God will make our own bed, in our own sickness, and uphold us in our integrity before those who think evil of us, and above all that he will bless us with the blessing of the poor; blessings of the *ground*—on humility of heart.

1351. "*Blessings of the ground.*" As distinct from those of the soul, for which he prays immediately afterwards that the healing may begin with *it*;—(line 1360).

1366. "*Their courteous visitings.*" These complaints of David against his false friends have never been clearly intelligible to me; at least so far as the psalm may be understood of literal sickness. If a man is worth anything, as far as I know the world, even his enemies become his friends when he is ill. But compare the fifty-fifth psalm.

1377. Did instead of didst, for euphony. So 1458.

RHYTHM.—Octave. 5 3 5 3 5 3 5 3 ~~~ a a b b c c d d.

PSALM XLII.

QUEMADMODUM.

I.

As the chafed hart which brayeth
Seeking some refreshing brook,
So my soul in panting playeth,
Thirsting on my God to look.
My soul thirsts indeed, in me,
After ever-living thee;
Ah, when comes my blessèd being,
Of thy face to have a seeing?

II.

Day and night my tears out-flowing
Have been my ill feeding food,—
With their daily questions throwing,
Where is now thy God so good?
My heart melts, rememb'ring so,
How in troops I wont to go:
Leading them, his praises singing,
Holy dance to God's house bringing.

III.

Why art thou, my soul, so sorry,
And in me so much dismay'd?
Wait on God, for yet his glory

In my song shall be display'd.
When but with one look of his
He shall me restore to bliss.
Ah, my soul itself appalleth,
In such longing thoughts it falleth.

IV.

For my mind on my God bideth,
Ev'n from Hermon's dwelling led,
From the grounds where Jordan slideth,
And from Mizar's hilly head.
One deep with noise of his fall,
Other deeps of woes doth call:
While my God, with wasting wonders,
On me, wretch, his tempest thunders.

V.

All thy floods on me abounded,
Over me all thy waves went:
Yet thus still my hope is grounded,
That, thy anger being spent,
I by day thy love shall taste,
I by night shall singing last,
Praying;—prayers still bequeathing,
To my God that gave me breathing.

VI.

I will say, 'O Lord, my tower,
Why am I forgot by thee?
Why should grief my heart devour
While the foe oppresseth me?
Those vile scoffs of naughty ones
Wound and rend me to the bones;
When foes ask, with foul deriding,
Where is now your God abiding?'

VII.

Why art thou, my soul, so sorry,
And in me so much dismay'd?
Wait on God, for yet his glory
In my song shall be display'd.
To him my thanks shall be said,
Who is still my present aid:
And in fine my soul be raised,
God is my God, by me praised.

I am not clear about the meaning of this psalm. I do not see why the king's soul was disquieted, or for what oppression of the enemy, or what comfort was in memory of the hill Mizar. But it is a psalm good for all of us when we are disquieted about

anything: above all, a lesson to most of us that we are not disquieted enough by that sacred thirst.

1396. "*In panting playeth.*" I believe the meaning is that his soul wavers or trembles in panting, as we say waves or ripples 'play.'

1404. "*With their daily questions throwing.*" Awkward and unscholarly in expression; and, indeed, this paraphrase greatly embarrasses me, in its unusual forcing of expression and accent, while yet in tenderness of feeling it is one of the loveliest.

1416. "*My soul itself appalleth, in such longing.*" So in Psalm cxix.: "My soul fainteth, for the longing that it hath unto thy judgments."

1422. "*One deep, with noise.*" This false accent, and still harsher "Thy wāves wĕnt" (1427), and "When foĕs āsk" (1440), are not like Sidney's work. "To him my thanks" (1446), "God is my God" (1449), have more reason in them, but are still ungraceful. In 1490 it rhymes to 'poured.' The next psalm, however (xliii.), is still worse; but then follows the "Deus auribus," given with singularly fluent melody, though with the same concessions in language.

RHYTHM.—Octave. 4̃ 4 4̃ 4 4̃ 4 4̃ 4 ~~~ a b a b c c d d.

PSALM XLIV.

DEUS, AURIBUS.

I.

LORD, our fathers' true relation,
Often made, hath made us know
How thy power, on each occasion,
Thou of old, for them did show.
How thy hand the pagan foe
Rooting hence, thy folk implanting,
Leafless made that branch to grow,—
This, to spring, no verdure wanting.

II.

Never could their sword procure them
Conquest of the promis'd land:
Never could their force assure them
When they did in danger stand.
No, it was thy arm, thy hand;
No, it was thy favour's treasure
Spent upon thy lovèd band:
Lovèd, why? for thy wise pleasure.

III.

Unto thee stand I subjected,
I that did of Jacob spring:
Bid then that I be protected,
Thou that art my God, my King:

By that succour thou didst bring,
We their guide that us assailèd,
Down did tread, and back did fling,
In thy name confus'd and quailèd.

IV.

For my trust was not reposèd
In mine own, though strongest bow:
Nor my scabbard held enclosèd
That, whence should my safety flow.
Thou, O God, from every foe
Didst us shield, our haters shaming:
Thence thy daily praise we show,
Still thy name with honour naming.

V.

But aloof thou now dost hover,
Grieving us with all disgrace:
Hast resign'd, and given over
In our camp thy Captain's place.
Back we turn, that turnèd face,
Fleeing them that erst we foiled:
See, our goods, (O changèd case,)
Spoil'd by them that late we spoil'd.

VI.

Right as sheep to be devoured,
Helpless here we lie alone:

Scatt'ringly by thee outpoured,
Slaves to dwell with Lords unknown.
Sold we are,—but silver none
Told for us :—by thee so prized,
As for nought to be foregone ;
Graceless, worthless, vile, despised.

VII.

By them all that dwell about us,
Toss'd we fly, as balls of scorn,
All our neighbours laugh and flout us,
Men by thee in shame forlorn.
Proverb-like, our name is worn,
Oh, how fast ! in foreign places ;
What head-shakings are forborne
Wordless taunts and dumb disgraces

VIII.

So rebuke before me goeth,
As my self doth daily go :
So confusion on me groweth,
That my face I blush to show.
By reviling, sland'ring foe
Inly wounded, thus I languish :
Watchful spite, with outward blow,
Anguish adds to inward anguish,

IX.

All, all this on us hath lighted,
Yet to thee our love doth last:
As we were,—we are—delighted
Still to hold thy cov'nant fast:
Unto none our hearts have past;
Unto none our feet have slidden;
Though us, down to dragons cast,
Thou in deadly shade hast hidden.

X.

If our God we had forsaken,
Or forgot what he assign'd,
If ourselves we had betaken
Gods to serve of other kind,
Should not he our doubling find,
Though conceal'd and closely lurking?
Since his eye of deepest mind
Deeper sinks than deepest working.

XI.

Surely, Lord, this daily murther
For thy sake we thus sustain:
For thy sake esteem'd no further
Than as sheep that must be slain.
Up, O Lord, up once again,
Sleep not ever, slack not ever:

Why dost thou forget our pain?
Why to hide thy face persever?

XII.

Heavy grief our soul abaseth,
Prostrate it on dust doth lie:
Earth our body fast embraceth,
Nothing can the clasp untie.
Rise, and us with help supply;
Lord, in mercy so esteem us,
That we may thy mercy try,
Mercy may from thrall redeem us.

If this psalm in the original be David's at all, it is written by him for the people, not for himself; nor do I understand at what time, unless just after the victory of the Philistines over Saul. The verses 17 to 20 could not have been sung by the people in any of the later reigns of ruin.

1471. "*Assailèd.*" The metre throughout this psalm requires these participles to have their last syllable sounded. But it is thus quite spoiled for reading without music: I give it in the original form; but all these words should be contracted in reading.

1473. "*Quailed.*" Nearly always used by Sidney in the sense of quelled. Both came from the Saxon, and become 'kill' in later English.

1482. "*But aloof.*" This and the next stanza are very grand.

1545. This writer (Sidney, or whoever it may be) is apt to be strangely careless in his last lines,—totally reversing the modern practice of leading up to them. He seems to sing his best in the middle of the song, and to leave off tired.

RHYTHM.—Trochaic.

4 3 4 3 3 4 3 3 ⏑⏑ a b a b b c b c.

I omit the following four paraphrases, in each of which some little grotesque or commonplace expression, too likely to catch the reader's memory, occurs;—while the original psalms are more beautiful than any altered form of them could be. I have given the last stanza of the 48th in the preface, only as an example of the way in which such change of form, admittedly inferior, may sometimes be helpful.

PSALM XLIX.

AUDITE HÆC, OMNES.

I.

WORLD-DWELLERS all, give heed to what I say;
To all I speak, to rich, poor, high, and low;
Knowledge the subject is my heart conceives,
Wisdom the words shall from my mouth proceed,
Which I will measure by melodious ear,
And ridled speech to tuned harp accord.

II.

The times of evil, why should they me dismay?
When mischief shall my footsteps overflow?
And first from him whom fickle wealth deceives,
Which his too great vain confidence doth breed,
Since no man can his brother's life outbear,
Nor yield for him his ransom to the Lord.

III.

For dear the price that for a soul must pay,
And death his prisoner never will forgo.
Nay, tell me, whom, but longer time he leaves,
Respited from the tomb for treasure's meed?
Sure, at his summons, wise and fools appear,
And others spend the riches they did hoard.

IV.

A second thinks his house shall not decay,
Nor time his glorious buildings overthrow,
Nam'd proudly of his name, where folly reaves
Exalted men, of sense; and they indeed
A brutish life and death, as beasts they were,
Do live and die; of whom is no record.

V.

Yea these, whose race approves their peevish way,
Death in the pit, his carrion food, doth stow:
And lo, the first succeeding light perceives
The just installed in the great man's stead;
Nay,—far his prince; when once that lovely cheer,
Lovely in house, in tomb becomes abhorred.

VI.

But God, my God, to intercept the prey
Of my life from the grave will not foreslowe,
For he it is, he only me receives:
Then though one rich do grow, though glory's seed
Spring with increase: yet stand thou free from fear;
Of all his pomp, death shall him nought afford.

VII.

Please they themselves, and think at happiest stay
Who please themselves: yet to their fathers go

Must they, to endless dark: for folly reaves
Exalted men, of sense; and they indeed
A brutish life and death, as beasts they were,
Do live, and die; of whom is none record.

As far as I understand this psalm, it declares again simply what the first did, that the ungodly shall have no part in the resurrection to judgment, but shall perish as the beasts. In both Septuagint and Vulgate the 'high' and 'low' of the second verse is 'Sons of Earth' and 'Sons of Men'; but I think the phrase 'Sons of Earth' means here 'noble,' or of ancient race; men such that their posterity approve their sayings, verse 13; and they call their lands after their own names, verse 11, or themselves after the name of their lands. If the solemn "they shall never see light" of the 19th verse, does not pronounce death on the unjust, the entire psalm would be valueless; whereas it is introduced by its grave prelude, as one of more than usual use, and more than ordinarily to be attended truth.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold, sequent from beginning to end, with six rhymes—5 ⏑⏑ a b c d e f—a b c d e f, etc.

1551. "*Ridled*"—'sifted.' The word riddle, I suppose, first means a remnant of words with con-

centrated meaning, after all explanatory ones have been removed: "out of the Eater came forth meat," or the like.

1560. Inversion too far forced; the meaning, 'which doth breed his confidence.'

1560. "*But longer.*" Tell me whom he has even so much as respited.

1566. "*Reaves.*" For 'bereaves'—i.e., of sense.

1574. "*Nay, far his prince.*" Getting far above, or before, the great man, when once that lovely face of his becomes abhorred.

1577. "*Foreslowe*"—another rare word, for to delay, neglect, or omit.

PSALM L.

DEUS DEORUM.

I.

THE mighty God, the ever-living Lord,
All nations from earth's uttermost confines
Summoneth by his pursuivant, his word,
And out of beauty's beauty Sion shines.
God comes, he comes, with ear and tongue restor'd ;
His guard huge storms, hot flames his ushers go :
And, called, their apparance to record,
Heav'n hasteth from above, earth from below.

II.

He sits his people's judge, and thus commands :
" Gather me hither that beloved line,
Whom solemn sacrifice's holy bands
Did in eternal league with me combine.
Then, when the heav'ns subsigned with their hands,
That God in justice eminently reigns,
Controlling so, as nothing counterstands
What once decree his sacred doom contains.

III.

You then, my folk, to me your God attend :
Hark, Israel, and hear my people's blame :

Not want of sacrifice doth me offend,
Nor do I miss thy altar's daily flame.
To me thy stall no fatted bull shall send;
Should I exact one he-goat from thy fold?
I, that as far as hills, woods, fields, extend,
All birds and beasts in known possession hold.

IV.

Suppose me hungry;—yet to beg thy meat,
I would not tell thee that I hungry were:
My self may take, what needs me then intreat?
Since earth is mine, and all that earth doth bear.
But do I long the brawny flesh to eat
Of that dull beast that serves the ploughman's need?
Or do I thirst to quench my thirsty heat,
In what the throats of bearded cattle breed?

V.

O no; bring God of praise a sacrifice:
Thy vowèd heart unto the highest pay:
Invoke my name, to me erect thy cries,
Thy praying plaints, when sorrow stops thy way;
I will undo the knot that anguish ties,
And thou at peace shalt glorify my name:"
Mildly the good, God schooleth in this wise,
But this sharp check doth to the wickèd frame,

VI.

" How fits it *thee* my statutes to report,
And of thy cov'nant in thy talk to prate?
Hating to live in right reformèd sort,
And leaving in neglect what I relate.
See'st thou a thief? thou grow'st of his consort:
Dost with adult'rers to adult'ry go:
Thy mouth is slander's ever-open port,
And from thy tongue doth nought but treason flow.

VII.

Nay, ev'n thy brother thy rebukes disgrace,
And thou in spite defam'st thy mother's son:
And for I wink awhile, thy thoughts embrace,—
'God is like me, and doth as I have done.'
But lo, thou see'st I march another pace,
And come with truth thy falsehood to disclose:
Thy sin reviv'd upbraids thy blushing face,
Which thou long dead in silence did suppose.

VIII.

O lay up this in marking memory,
You that are wont God's judgments to forget:
In vain to others for release you fly,
If once on you I griping fingers set.

And know the rest: my dearest worship I
In sweet perfume of off'red praise do place:
And who directs his goings orderly,
By my conduct shall see God's saving grace."

Of the general tenor of the great lesson given in this psalm to all worshippers of God throughout the world, there is, fortunately, no doubt possible. But our acceptance of the construction and course of the psalm, with some of the weight of the lesson, depend on the interpretation we give to the fifth verse. The proper word for Saints, in Greek, is ἅγιος. But the word in the Septuagint here is ὅσιος. And I have no doubt, therefore, that the Septuagint translators took a view of the psalm which will make it entirely simple and direct from beginning to end. The first four verses, thus read, describe a solemn coming of God to pronounce true judgment, with all the witness of heaven and earth, upon '*his people*'—his nominal worshippers.

And the fifth verse calls these together to receive judgment,—all, namely, who have, in the sight of the world, made a covenant with God by sacrifice, and taken upon them the name of his people. Then the pronounced judgment is the separation of the

'ὅσιοι'—this visible Church, into sheep and goats,—to the first of whom, true-minded, yet trusting too much to their material sacrifice, the message comes, —'thinkest thou,' etc., but to the wicked and false-minded God says, Why dost thou take my *covenant* in thy mouth, when thou hatest my teaching, and hast cast my words behind thee?

Thus understood, the entire psalm is one of trenchant practical power for all time: and I am under a strong impression that the complete retributive system alleged throughout the Psalter is that those who have lived only godless, shall die like beasts; but that those who have believed in God, and yet betrayed him, shall be cast into outer darkness—"*there*, shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

1592. "*With ear and tongue restor'd.*" After seeming not to hear prayers, and keeping silence in judgment—at last to hear, to speak, again! Compare verse 21, and lines 1643—1648.

1594. "*Apparance.*" From Latin 'Apparitor.'

1597. "*That beloved line.*" Israel, including evil and good.

1600. "*Then, when the heavens.*" I don't under-

stand Sidney's additional lines here. He probably means that the heavens subsigned in the fire and hail on Egypt.

1619. "*Bearded cattle*," for goats.

1627. "*Wicked.*" I have replaced the original word,—Sidney, having missed the bearing of the passage had put 'godless,' which made the sequence unintelligible.

1631. "*Relate.*" In Latin sense, with full meaning of the constant reference and relation between God and man.

1638. "*Thy thoughts embrace.*" '*Hug* the thought' —hold it fast, and will not let it go.

1643. "*Did.*" Again by euphony, for 'didst.'

1651. "*Conduct*," with accent on last syllable, short for conducting,—God 'marching another pace.'

RHYTHM.—Octave. 5 ~~ a b a b a c a c.

PSALM LIII.

DIXIT INSIPIENS.

I.

THERE is no God, the fool doth say,
If not in word, in thought and will:
This fancy rotten deeds bewray,
And studies fix'd on loathesome ill.
Not one doth good: from heavn'ly hill,
Jehova's eye, one wiser mind
Could not discern, that held the way,
To understand, and God to find.

II.

They all have stray'd, are cank'red all:
Not one I say, not one doth good.
But senselessness,—what should I call
Such carriage of this cursèd brood?
My people are their bread, their food;
Upon my name they scorn to cry;
Whom vain affright doth yet appal,
Where no just ground of fear doth lie.

III.

But on their bones shall wreakèd be
All thy invaders' force and guile,

The vile confusion cast by thee,
For God himself shall make them vile.
Ah! why delays that happy while,
When Syon shall our saver bring?
The Lord his folk will one day free,
Then Jacob's house shall dance and sing.

1670. "*The vile confusion cast by thee.*"

I do not know what account is given of this recurrence of the 14th Psalm; but as an appointment of Providence in the ordering of the collected books of Scripture, it is strangely significant; twice over insisting on its plain lesson of the eternal separation of the malignant fool who sees no God, from the loving wise, who see God always; and, twice over, laying the same pitfall before the unhappy sect who would fain hide their own sins and ignorances under the abuse of human nature; this line, 'the vile confusion cast by thee,' is like a prophetic intimation by Sidney of the existing state of Protestantism. One of my friends, an actively benevolent and sensible woman, was complaining to a Low-Church clergyman the other day that he had not spoken in his sermon what had helped her, because 'he did not know what was in her mind.'

'I know your mind perfectly well," (answered the poor puppy,) "*I* am a sinner, *you* are a sinner."

1654. "*Bewray.*" The rotten deeds bewray, or betray, the fancy into darkness.

1662. "*What should I call.*" There is no name for such folly. Have they *no* knowledge then?

Any wise man will have, constantly, this feeling of the unspeakable, in reading modern political literature.

1668. "*On their bones.*" The force and guile of their enemies shall fall back on their (own) bones, scattering them; 'as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood.'

RHYTHM.—Octave. 4 ~~~ a b a b b c a c.

The next following psalm is little more than the expansion of the last clause of this one.

PSALM LIV.

DEUS, IN NOMINE.

LORD, let thy name my saving succour be,
Defend my wrongèd cause by thy just might:
Lord, let my crying voice be heard of thee,
Let not my heavy words be counted light,
For strangers I against me risen see,
Who hunt me hard, and sore my soul affright;
Possess'd with fear of God in no degree.
But God, thou art my helper in my right,
Thou succour send'st to such as succour me;
Then pay them home, who thus against me fight,
And let thy truth cut down their treachery.
So I with off'rings shall thy altars dight,
Praising thy name which thus has set me free:
Giving me scope to soar with happy flight
Above my evils; and on my enemy,
Making me see what I to see delight.

These repeated cries of David against his enemies will always remain utterly unintelligible to a Church living in compromise with sin, and would instantly become terrifically intelligible to any body of Christians honestly endeavouring to do their duty

as God's servants. And the Devil continually uses a good man's neighbourliness and goodnature to betray him into this compromise. Wide worldly applause, and the pleasure he has in the visible good done by him to his own friends and in his own circle, blind him to his falling away from loyalty to the *justice* of God. I could name clergymen whose lives, floating, admired and beloved, in iridescent bubbles down the black current of their country's iniquity, will be strange signs of the times, in future history.

RHYTHM.—Couplet. 4 ⏑⏑⏑ and a b, a b, sequent throughout.

PSALM LV.

EXAUDI, DEUS.

I.

My God, most glad to look, most prone to hear,
An open ear O let my prayèr find,
And from my plaint turn not thy face away;
Behold my gestures, hearken what I say
While uttering moans with most tormented mind:
My body I no less torment and tear,
For lo, their fearful threat'nings wound mine ear,
Who griefs on griefs on me still heaping lay,
A mark to wrath, and hate, and wrong assign'd.
Therefore my heart hath all his force resign'd
To trembling paths; death-terrors on me prey,
I fear,—nay, shake,—nay, quiv'ring, quake with fear.

II.

Then say I, 'O might I but cut the wind
Borne on the wings the fearful dove doth bear,
Stay would I not, till I in rest might stay;
Far hence, O far, then would I take my way
Unto the desert, and repose me there,
These storms of woe, these tempests left behind!'
But swallow them, O Lord, in darkness blind,
Confound their counsels, lead their tongues astray,

That what they mean by words may not appear,
For mother Wrong within their towns each where,
And daughter Strife their ensigns so display,
As if they only thither were confin'd.

III.

These walk their city walls both night and day,
Oppressions, tumults, guiles of every kind
Are burgesses, and dwell the middle near:
About their streets his masking robe doth wear
Mischief, cloth'd in deceit, with treason lin'd,
Where only he, he only beares the sway.
But not my foe with me this prank did play,
For then I would have borne with patient cheer
An unkind part from whom I know unkind,—
Nor he whose forehead envy's mark had sign'd,
His trophies on my ruins sought to rear,
From whom to fly I might have made essay,—

IV.

But this to *thee*,—to thee—impute I may,
My fellow, my companion, held most dear,
My soul, my other self, my inward friend,
Whom unto me,—me unto whom,—did bind
Exchangèd secrets; who together were
God's temple wont to visit, there to pray!
—O let a sudden death work their decay,
Who speaking fair, such cank'red malice mind,—

Let them be buried breathing in their bier.
But purple morn, black ev'n, and midday clear,
Shall see my praying voice to God inclin'd,
Rousing him up; and nought shall me dismay.

V.

He ransom'd me, for he my safety fin'd,
In fight, where many sought my soul to slay.
He still, himself, (to no succeeding heir
Leaving his empire) shall no more forbear:
But, at my motion, all these Atheists pay,
By whom (still one) such mischiefs are design'd.
Who but such caitiffs would have undermin'd,
Nay, overthrown, from whom but kindness mere
They never found? who would such trust betray?
What butter'd words! Yet wars their hearts bewray,
Their speech more sharp than sharpest sword or spear,
Yet softer flows than balm from wounded rind.

VI.

But, my o'er-loaden soul, thy self upcheer;
Cast on God's shoulders what thee down doth weigh,
Long borne by thee with bearing pain'd and pin'd,
To care for thee he shall be ever kind,

By him the just, in safety held alway,
Changeless shall enter, live, and leave the year;
But, Lord, how long shall these men tarry here?
Fling them in pit of death where never shin'd
The light of life; and while I make my stay
On thee, let who their thirst with blood allay
Have their life-holding thread so weakly twin'd
That it, half spun, death may in sunder shear.

This entirely beautiful psalm has been made the subject by Sidney of his best art of verse; and the paraphrase is one of the notablest pieces of rhythmic English in existence.

1713. "*Mother, Wrong,*" (Violence,) and daughter, Strife, set up their standards on the walls, as if the entire life of the city were expressed and confined in *them.* Oppressions, tumults, and guile are the inhabitants. Mischief, (destruction, masked, instead of benefit,) is the ruler of all; clothed in falsehood, and the cloak of falsehood lined with ermine of treachery. A man may dissimulate, yet not betray; and deceive hostility, without being unfaithful in alliance. But here, the Falsehood is quilted thick with black-spotted treason.

1728. "*This to thee,*" etc. Only a very perfect and powerful reader can do justice to this verse; but at any rate read it *aloud,* and again, and again.

1740. "*Fined.*" 'Foined,' 'fenced.' "Come, no matter vor you foins." Edgar, assuming peasant's dialect in 'King Lear.'

1745. "*Still one.*" Acting all with one mind; to explain the change in pronoun from 'they' to 'he.'

1753. "*Cast on God's shoulders.*" In quoting this verse by itself, we seldom recollect that the particular burden meant is the oppression of the wicked, not our own sorrow.

1756, 1757. Two noble lines, which should be learned by heart. Note the active use of 'live' in the second, ('to live a day,' 'to live a year—a life,' etc.), so that enter, live, and leave, have all the same transitive force.

RHYTHM.—Twelvefold, sequent from beginning to end, with only three rhymes; A b c c b a a c b b c a; B a c c, etc., changing at fourth stanza, so that the six verses shall answer, three to three, in reversed order of rhythm, the beginning rhymes being in order A B C — C B A, and the last word rhyming to the first.

PSALM LVIII.

SI VERE UTIQUE.

I.

AND call ye this to utter what is just,
You that of justice hold the sov'reign throne?
And call ye this to yield, O sons of dust,
To wrongèd brethren ev'ry one his own?
O no: it is your long malicious will
Now to the world to make by practice known,
With whose oppression you the balance fill,
Just to yourselves, indiff'rent else to none.

II.

But what could they, who ev'n in birth declin'd,
From truth and right to lies and injuries?
To show the venom of their cank'red mind
The adder's image scarcely can suffice.
Nay, scarce the aspick may with them contend,
On whom the charmer all in vain applies
His skilful'st spells: aye missing of his end,
While she, self-deaf, and unaffected lies.

III.

Lord, crack their teeth; Lord, crush these lion jaws;
So let them sink as water in the sand:

When deadly bow their aiming fury draws,
Shiver the shaft ere past the shooter's hand.
So make them melt as the dishoused snail,
Or as the embryo, whose vital band
Breaks ere it holds, and formless eyes do fail
To see the sun, though brought to lightful land.

IV.

O let their brood, a brood of springing thorns,
Be by untimely rooting overthrown
Ere, bushes wax'd, they push with pricking horns;
As fruits yet green are oft by tempest blown.
The good with gladness this revenge shall see,
And bathe his feet in blood of wicked one:
While all shall say, the just rewarded be,
There is a God that shares to each his own.

Another of the great psalms teaching the eternal separation between the sinner and the just man; farther notable for its assertion of the sinner's being born such, irredeemably. The sinners have been 'made strangers of,' made of another race, made 'heathen' from the womb.; as soon as they were born, they wandered.

1771. "*Indifferent,*" for 'equal,' or 'equitable.

The word does not elsewhere, so far as I remember, occur in these psalms.

1779. "*Self-deaf*," herself causing her deafness —"None so deaf as those who won't hear!"

1790. "*Ere, bushes wax'd.*" I suppose this to be the real meaning. There is none in our "or ever your pots be made hot with thorns."

1794. "*Rewarded.*" In the Septuagint, the just shall "have his fruit," in direct opposition to the destroyed thorn trees. As in the first psalm.

RHYTHM.—Octave. 5 ~~~ a b a b c b c b.

PSALM LXII.

NONNE DEO.

I.

YET shall my soul in silence still
On God, my help, attentive stay :
Yet he my fort, my health, my hill,
Remove I may not,—move, I may.
How long then shall your fruitless will
An enemy so far from thrall,
With weak endeavour strive to kill,—
You rotten hedge, you broken wall ?

II.

Forsooth that he no more may rise,
Advancèd oft to throne and crown :
To headlong him their thoughts devise,
And past relief, to tread him down.
Their love is only love of lies :
Their words and deeds dissenting so,
When from their lips most blessing flies,
Then deepest curse in heart doth grow.

III.

Yet shall my soul in silence still
On God, my hope, attentive stay ;

Yet he my fort, my health, my hill,
Remove I may not, move I may.
My God doth me with glory fill,
Not only shield me safe from harm:
To shun distress, to conquer ill,
To him I climb, in him I arm.

IV.

O then, on God, our certain stay,
All people in all times rely:
Your hearts before him naked lay,
To Adam's sons 'tis vain to fly,
So vain, so false, so frail are they,
Ev'n he that seemeth most of might
With lightness' self if him you weigh,
Then lightness' self will weigh more light.

V.

In fraud and force no trust repose:
Such idle hopes from thought expel;
And take good heed, when treasure grows,
Let not your heart on treasure dwell.
All power is God's, his own word shows,
Once said by him, twice heard by me;
Yet from thee, Lord, all mercy flows,
And each man's work is paid by thee.

This is written more against trust in men that in absolute dread of them: the tenth verse implying that even the just may be tempted to trust in oppression, and become vain in robbery.

Sidney's version is almost typical, in the whole series, of his fearlessly Latin construction, as in "To headlong him their thoughts devise," trusting to disentangle all if the reader will have patience for the next line. The melody and beat of it are very beautiful.

1798. "*Yet he my fort*"—'He yet being my fort,' —I cannot be removed, though I may waver.

1801. "*Thrall.*" Captivity, rarely used.

1830. "*Treasure.*" I have substituted this for Sidney's word 'riches,' awkwardly used as a singular noun.

1833. "*Once said, twice heard.*" I believe the meaning is, that God speaks once, and the thing is said for ever; but that we take many times telling before we believe.

RHYTHM.—Octave. 4 ~~~ a b a b a c a c.

PSALM LXV.

TE DECET HYMNUS.

I.

SYON it is where thou art praisèd,
Syon, O God, where vows they pay thee:
There all men prayèrs to thee raisèd
Return possess'd of what they pray thee.
There thou my sins prevailing to my shame,
Dost turn to smoke of sacrificing flame.

II.

O, he of bliss is not deceivèd,
Whom chosen thou unto thee takest:
And whom into thy court receivèd,
Thou of thy check-roll number makest.
The dainty viands of thy sacred store
Shall feed him so, he shall not hunger more.

III.

From thence it is, thy threat'ning thunder,
(Lest we by wrong should be disgracèd,)
Doth strike our foes with fear and wonder:
O thou, on whom their hopes are placèd,
Whom either earth dost steadfastly sustain,
Or cradle rocks the restless wavy plain.

IV.

Thy virtue stays the mighty mountains,
Girded with pow'r, with strength abounding:
The roaring damm of wat'ry fountains
Thy beck doth make surcease her sounding,
When stormy uproars toss the people's brain,
That civil sea to calm thou bring'st again.

V.

Where earth doth end with endless ending,
All such as dwell, thy signs affright them:
And in thy praise their voices spending,
Both houses of the sun delight them;
Both whence he comes, when early he awakes,
And where he goes, when ev'ning rest he takes.

VI.

Thy eye from heav'n this land beholdeth,
Such fruitful dews down on it raining,
That storehouse-like her lap enfoldeth
Assured hope of ploughman's gaining,
Thy flowing streams her drought doth temper so,
That buried seed through yielding grave doth grow.

VII.

Drunk is each ridge, of thy cup drinking,
Each clod relenteth at thy dressing:

Thy cloud-borne waters inly sinking,
Fair spring sprouts forth, blest with thy blessing.
The fertile year is with thy bounty crown'd;
And where thou go'st, thy goings fat the ground.

VIII.

Plenty bedews the desert places:
A hedge of mirth the hills encloseth:
The fields with flocks have hid their faces:
A robe of corn the valleys clotheth.
Deserts, and hills, and fields, and valleys all,
Rejoice, shout, sing, and on thy name do call.

There are few of the psalms whose prophecy, at this day, remains so hopelessly unfulfilled or contradicted; its 'unto thee shall all flesh come,' changed into, 'from thee shall all flesh shrink;' and 'who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth,' changed into, 'who art a feeble terror in a little spot of it.'

The beauty of the ordinary version cannot be mended, but Sidney's has another beauty of its own.

1841. *"Dost turn to smoke."* An unusual metaphor for the propitiation. Our English sins are turned into smoke in another manner; darken the sky, and fall back in soot.

1845. "*Check-roll.*" Compare the 'heavenly score,' line 336.

1853. "*Cradle rocks.*" Whom the sea rocks, as a cradle. A little forced in construction.

1856. "*The roaring damm.*" Dominion, or power. The 'dam,' in its present sense, is the thing that has 'dominion' over the stream itself.

1860. "*With endless ending.*" Rounding itself for ever to new horizon.

The last line, after four exquisite verses, seems to labour and droop, nor is Sidney, as before noticed, at all distinguished for skill in his closing. But the steady assertion, 'on thy name do call,' has more real power in it than the glibly current 'call upon thy name,' familiar to the ear, with which a common writer would probably have contrived to end.

RHYTHM.—Sixfold. $\tilde{4}\ \tilde{4}\ \tilde{4}\ \tilde{4}\ 5\ 5$ ~~ a b a b c c.

PSALM LXIX.

SALVUM ME FAC.

I.

TROUBLOUS seas my soul surround:
Save, O God, my sinking soul,
Sinking, where it feels no ground,
In this gulf, this whirling hole.
Waiting aid, with earnest eying,
Calling God with bootless crying:
Dim and dry in me are found,
Eye to see, and throat to sound.

II.

Wrongly set to work my woe,
Haters have I, more than hairs:
Force, in my afflicting foe
Bett'ring still, in me impairs.
Thus to pay and lose constrainèd,
What I never ought or gainèd,
Yet say I, thou God dost know
How my faults and follies go.

III.

Mighty Lord, let not my case
Blank the rest that hope in thee:
Let not Jacob's God deface
All his friends in blush of me.

Thine it is, thine only quarrel
Dights me thus in shame's apparel :
Mote, nor spot, nor least disgrace,
But for thee, could taint my face.

IV.

To my kin a stranger quite,
Quite an alien I am grown :
In my very brethren's sight
Most uncar'd for, most unknown.
With thy temple's zeal out-eaten,
With thy slander's scourges beaten,
While the shot of piercing spite
Bent at thee, on me doth light.

V.

If I weep, and weeping fast,
If in sackcloth sad I mourn,
In my teeth the first they cast,
All to feast the last they turn.
Now in streets, with public prating,
Pouring out their inward hating :
Private now at banquets plac'd,
Singing songs of winey taste.

VI.

As for me, to thee I pray,
Lord, in time of grace assign'd :

Gracious God, my kindest stay,
In my aid be truly kind.
Keep me safe unsunk, unmired,
Safe from flowing foes retired :
Calm these waves, these waters lay,
Leave me not this whirlpool's prey.

VII.

In the goodness of thy grace,
Lord, make answer to my moan :
Eye my ill, and rue my case,
In those mercies told by none.
Let not by thy absence languish
Thy true server drown'd in anguish.
Haste, and hear ; come, come apace,
Free my soul from foemen's chase.

VIII.

Unto thee what needs be told
My reproach, my blot, my blame?
Sith both these thou didst behold,
And canst all my haters name.
Whiles afflicted, whiles heart-broken,
Waiting yet some friendship's token,
Some I look'd would me uphold,
Look'd, but found all comfort cold.

IX.

Comfort? nay (not seen before)
Needing food they set me gall:
Vinegar they fill'd me store,
When for drink my thirst did call.
O then snare them in their pleasures,
Make them trap'd even in their treasures,
Gladly sad, and richly poor,
Sightless most, yet mightless more.

X.

Down upon them fury rain,
Lighten indignation down:
Turn to waste, and desert plain,
House and palace, field and town.
Let not one be left abiding
Where such rancour had residing,
Whom thou painest, more they pain:
Hurt by thee, by them is slain.

XI.

Causing sin on sin to grow,
Add still ciphers to their sum,
Righter let them never go,
Never to thy justice come.
But from out the book be crossèd,
Where the good men live engrossèd:

While my God, me poor and low,
High shall mount from need and woe.

XII.

Then by me his name with praise,
Gladsome praise, shall be upborne.
That shall more Jehovah please
Than the beast with hoof and horn.
With what joy, ye godly grievèd,
Shall your hearts be then relievèd ?
When Jehovah takes such ways
Bound to loose, and fallen to raise.

XIII.

Laud him then, O heav'nly skies,
Earth with thine, and seas with yours :
For by him shall Sion rise,
He shall build up Juda's towers.
There his servants and their races,
Shall in fee possess the places :
There his name who love and prize,
Stable stay shall eternize.

The literal fulfilment of the twenty-first verse of this psalm, in the Crucifixion, has always caused the Christian to read the entire psalm as if prophetic ;

whereas there is not another syllable of it which, could, by any straining, be intelligibly applied to Christ;—the fifth verse, "O God, thou knowest my foolishness; and my sins are not hid from thee," being, in truth, the key to the whole: nor can any good be got of the reading of it, unless taken as a simple expression of David's own feelings, in which the verse about the gall and vinegar is an ordinary metaphor for the unkindness of men in his distress. So Sidney translates it throughout; and though the words 'mote nor spot,' etc., (1906,) seem too brave for any mere man to use, the meaning of the entire song is not, as it would have been if spoken in Christ's person, that the speaker of it became shameful before God, for Man's sake; but that the speaker becomes shameful before Man, for God's sake, which is the ordinary condition of the active service of God in this world.

1896. "*Thus to pay, and lose.*" There is more quaint Elizabethan opposition of terms in this psalm than in most. The measure of it is so good, and this quaintness so like Sidney, that I should now hold it quite characteristically his, if reading without prejudice. Compare lines 1954, 1955, 1962, 1963, 1981.

1935. "*Told by none,*"—counted by none,—'in the multitude of thy mercies.'

1955. "*Sightless most, yet mightless more.*" See note above, on Sidney's degrees of comparison.

1963. "*Hurt by thee.*" Who is wounded by thee, is slain by them.

1966. "*Righter let them never go.*" Under whatever interpretation we receive, or whatever example we take from, these repeated cursings by David of his enemies, it is entirely hopeless to narrow their sweeping malediction into the one prophetic malediction of Judas, 'his bishopric let another take.' We may, perhaps, be more advanced than David in wisdom and charity; but if we are not prepared very decidedly to invoke mischief on considerable numbers of persons, we need not pretend to use the Psalter.

PSALM LXXI.

IN TE, DOMINE, SPERAVI.

I.

LORD, on thee my trust is grounded :
Leave me not with shame confounded ;
But in justice bring me aid.
Let thine ear to me be bended :
Let my life, from death defended,
Be by thee in safety staid.

II.

Be my rock, my refuge-tower,
Show thy unresisted power,
Working now thy wonted will :
Thou, I say, that never feignest
In thy biddings, but remainest
Still my rock, my refuge still.

III.

O my God, my sole help-giver,
From the wicked me deliver,
From this wrongful, spiteful man :
In thee trusting, on thee standing,
With my childish understanding,
Nay, with life, my hopes began,

IV.

Since imprison'd in my mother
Thou me freed'st, whom have I other
Held my stay, or made my song?
Yea, when all me so misdeemed,
I to most a monster seemed,
Yet in thee my hope was strong.

V.

Yet of thee, the thankful story
Fill'd my mouth, thy gracious glory
Was my ditty long the day.
Do not then, now age assaileth,
Courage, verdure, virtue, faileth,
Do not leave me cast away.

VI.

They by whom my life is hated,
With their spies have now debated:
Of their talk, and lo, the sum:
God, say they, hath him forsaken;
Now pursue, he must be taken;
None will to his rescue come.

VII.

O my God, be not absented:
O my God, now, now presented,

Let in haste, thy succours be :
Make them fall disgracèd, shamèd,
All dismighted, all defamèd,
Who this ill intend to me.

VIII.

As for me, resolv'd to tarry
In my trust, and not to vary,
I will heap thy praise with praise :
Still with mouth thy truths recounting,
Still thy aids, though much surmounting,
Greatest sum that number laies.

IX.

Nay, my God, by thee securèd,
Where will I not march assurèd ?
In my talk, who just but thou ?
Who by thee from infant cradle
Taught still more, as still more able,
Have thy wonders spread till now.

X.

Now that age hath me attainted,
Age's snow my head hath painted,
Leave me not, my God, forlorn.
Let me make thy might's relation
To the coming generation,
To the age as yet unborn.

XI.

God, thy justice, highest raisèd,
Thy great works, as highly praisèd :
Who thy peer, O God, doth reign ?
Thou into these woes dost drive me :
Thou again shalt thence revive me :
Lift me from this deep again.

XII.

Thou shalt make my greatness greater,
Make my good with comfort better,
Thee my lute, my harp, shall sing :
Thee my God, that never slidest
From thy word, but constant bidest,
Jacob's holy, heav'nly King.

XIII.

So my lips all joy declaring,
So my soul no honour sparing,
Shall thee sing, by thee secure.
So my tongue, all times, all places,
Tell thy wreakes and their disgraces,
Who this ill to me procure.

As written in David's old age, and as introductory to the next one, which ends the prayers of the son of Jesse, this psalm is of peculiar interest.

Sidney's version is very sweet and passionate; too gay in the measure of it for its meaning, according to our modern feeling; but I perceive more and more, daily, that men of true heart are grave through all gaiety, and bright through all earnestness.

2035. "*That number laies.*" Tells of, or recounts.

2039. "*Who,*" following somewhat stiffly on 'my' in the previous line. 'Who shall be just but thou in the talk of me? who,' etc.

2064. "*Wreakes.*" For 'justice,' or 'revenges. A most beautiful occurrence of it is quoted by Johnson from 'Henry VI.' "So flies the wreakless shepherd from the wolf,"—incapable of revenge on him.

PSALM LXXII.

DEUS, JUDICIUM.

I.

TEACH the king's son, who king himself shall be,
Thy judgments, Lord; thy justice make him learn:
To rule thy realms as justice shall decree,
And poor men's right in judgment to discern.
Then fearless peace
With rich increase
The mountains proud shall fill:
And justice shall
Make plenty fall
On ev'ry humble hill.

II.

Make him the weak support, th' oppress'd relieve,
Supply the poor, the quarrel-pickers quail:
So ageless ages shall thee reverence give,
Till eyes of heav'n, the sun and moon, shall fail.
And thou again
Shall blessings rain,
Which down shall mildly flow,
As showers thrown
On meads new mown,
Whereby they freshly grow.

III.

During his rule the just shall aye be green,
And peaceful plenty join with plenteous peace:
While of sad night the many-formèd queen
Decreas'd shall grow, and grown, again decrease.
From sea to sea
He shall survey
All kingdoms as his own:
And from the trace
Of Perah's race,
As far as land is known.

IV.

The desert-dwellers at his beck shall bend,
His foes them suppliant at his feet shall fling,
The kings of Tharsis homage-gifts shall send;
So Seba, Saba, ev'ry island king.
Nay all, ev'n all
Shall prostrate fall,
That crowns and sceptres wear:
And all that stand
At their command,
That crowns and sceptres bear.

V.

For he shall hear the poor when they complain,
And lend them help, who helpless are oppress'd:

His mercy shall the needy sort sustain ;
His force shall free their lives that live distress'd.
From hidden sleight,
From open might,
He shall their souls redeem :
His tender eyes
Shall highly prize,
And dear their blood esteem.

VI.

So shall he long, so shall he happy live ;
Health shall abound, and wealth shall never want :
They gold to him, Arabia gold, shall give,
Which scantness dear, and dearness maketh scant.
They still shall pray
That still he may
So live, and flourish so :
Without his praise,
No nights, no days,
Shall passport have to go.

VII.

Look how the woods, whose interlacèd trees
Spread friendly arms each other to embrace,
Join at the head, though distant at the knees,
Waving with wind, and lording on the place ;

So woods of corn
By mountains borne
Shall on their shoulders wave :
And men shall pass
The numerous grass,
Such store each town shall have.

VIII.

Look how the sun, so shall his name remain ;
As that in light, so this in glory one :
All glories this, as that all lights shall stain :
Nor that shall fail, nor this be overthrown.
The dwellers all
Of earthly ball
In him shall hold them blest :
As one that is
Of perfect bliss,
A pattern to the rest.

IX.

O God who art,—from whom all beings be ;—
Eternal Lord, whom Jacob's stock adore,
And wondrous works are done by only thee,
Blessed be thou, most blessed evermore.
And let thy name,
Thy glorious fame,

No end of blessing know:
Let all this round
Thy honour sound,
So Lord, O be it so.

This prayer and prophecy for his son is not only—as it must needs be—the most touching and precious of all the psalms of David, but it is the most important passage in the Bible relating to the laws and happiness of earthly life. "His name shall be continued as long as the sun;" (not longer; —it is earthly and sun-lighted life only of which this psalm tells). "He shall come down as showers that water *the earth;*" (not as manna of heaven;) "and his dominion shall be from *sea to sea;*" (not where 'there shall be no more sea.')

And it is literally true that in all prosperous nations this King shall be called blessed. The wisdom of the Proverbs, and the story of his reign, can never be superseded or surpassed,—every nation that is to become great, must read and learn from these.

"So ageless ages shall thee reverence give
Till eyes of heaven, the sun, and moon, shall fail."

2066—2069. Sidney's version is throughout magnificent and clear beyond praise. He has put

his full strength upon it. We get in this first clause, for the first time, the due opposition of justice and judgment. The one means simply the keeping of equal law between persons whose rights are known. The other means the examination into right itself, the discernment of character and claim. "He shall judge all men with equity; but the poor with loving insight;—precious shall their blood be in his sight," is the full meaning.

2072. "*The mountains.*" The pre-eminent forces of intellect and wealth in the nation, however, accumulated; all becoming to it in their proportionate height, and strength, the sources of streams of blessing.

2094. I can't think where Sidney got this 'race of Perah' from, unless it is merely wilful or playful changing into a name, of the Septuagint's, *περάτων τῆς οἰκουμένης*.

2110, 2111. "*From hidden sleight, from open might.*" "He shall redeem their soul from deceit, and violence."

The entire duty of kingship is founded on this verse. 'Let him prevent the poor from being either deceived or afflicted, and all his kingdom will be in prosperity and limitless power.'

2119. A little bit of Sidney's own wisdom thrown in. Entirely right. Singularly enough, in an excellent article on the depreciation of silver in the Monetary Gazette, which I chanced to see about a fortnight ago, (I am writing at Brantwood, July 23rd,) there occurred an admirable imaginary examination of a witness, on some commercial catastrophe in which the said 'depreciation' had been one element, with the following sentences in it, or, at least, sentences to the following purpose. I quote from memory :—

"What depreciation of the value of silver occurred in the days of Solomon ?"

"It was 'nothing accounted of'."

"What was its market value ?"

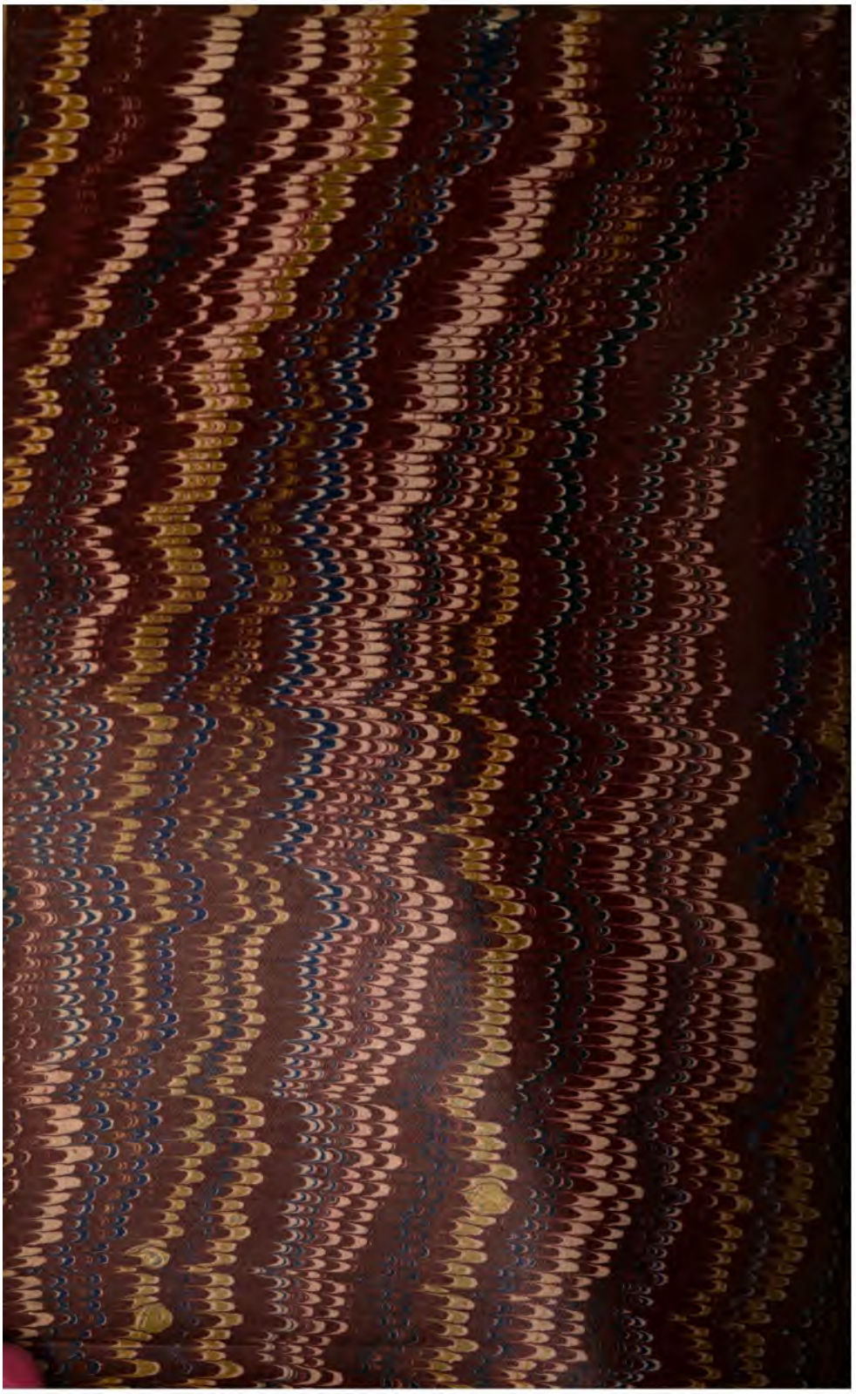
"The value of pebbles. He 'made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones'."

"Was this considered a misfortune by him ?"

"Certainly not. Solomon was no fool."

2128. "*Join at the head.*" Sidney thinks over the words, "shall shake like Libanus," till he imagines the ears of corn so large that they shall touch, and close up together as the heads of trees do.

END OF PART I.



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